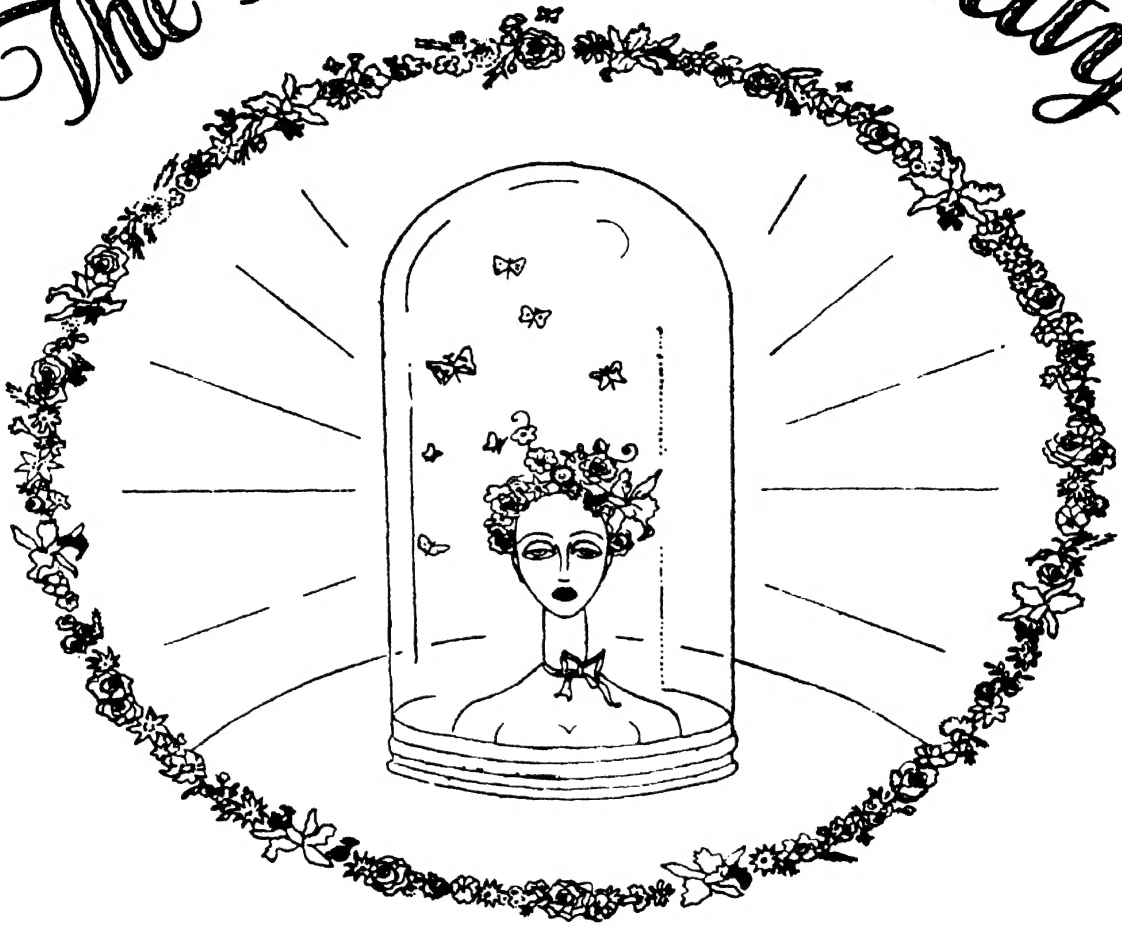


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THE BOOK OF BEAUTY

The Book of Beauty

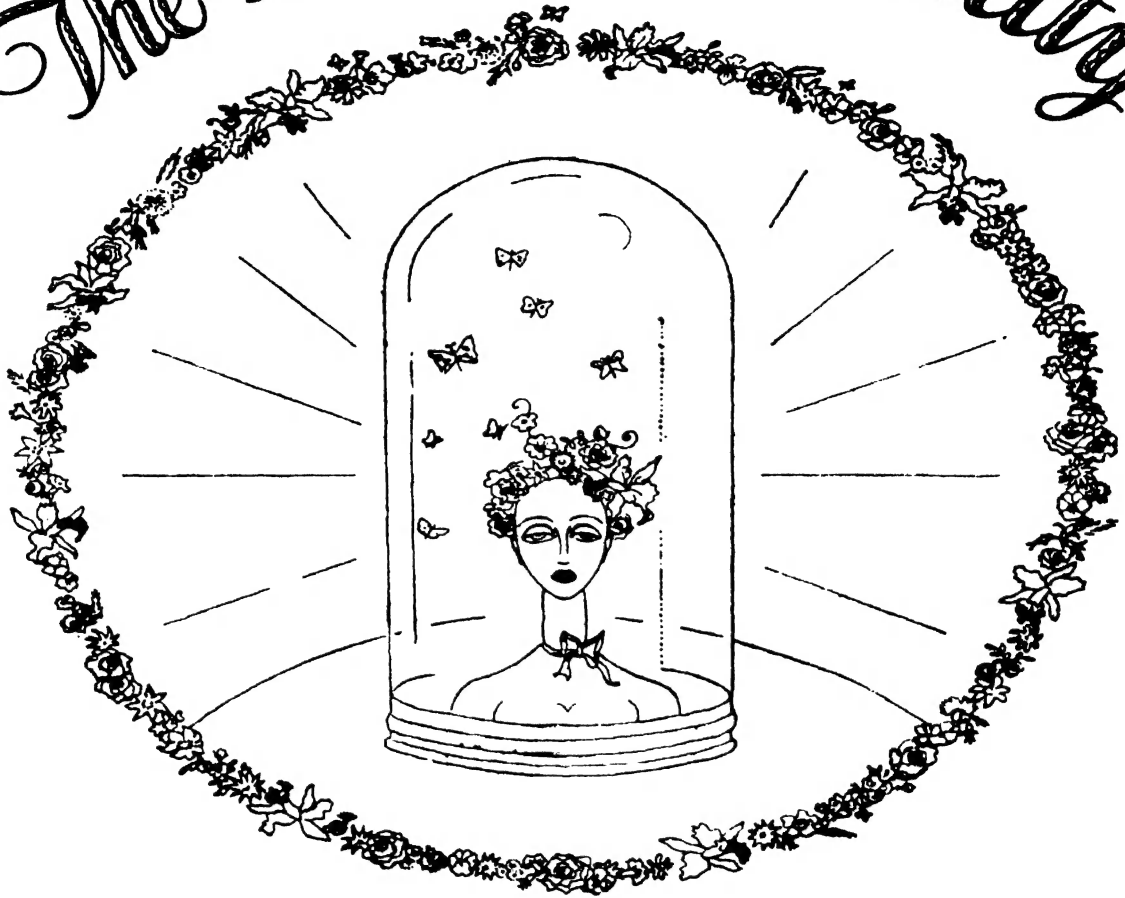


by

Cecil Beaton

*Duckworth
3, Henrietta St London
1930*

The Book of Beauty



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Some of these photographs have appeared in the pages of *The Sketch* and *The Tatler*, and I have to thank the Condé Nast Publications for permission to reproduce certain sketches and photographs, and Miss Gertrude Lawrence for the frontispiece.

C. B.

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TO MY MOTHER

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The Honble. M^{rs} James Beck.

INTRODUCTION



THE ROSE QUEEN

MY earliest recollection was of a lady dancing on a table at Maxim's. That was in the *Merry Widow*, to which I had been taken after an eternity of entreaties. From that thrilling moment I no longer considered engine drivers or soldiers to be figures of importance. Unlike other children, my greatest heroines were not the Maid of Orleans or the Lady of the Lamp, but Lily Elsie, Gabrielle Ray and Queen Alexandra, whom I had seen opening a rose show at Sandringham, and whose opalescent complexion dumbfounded me.

I was a precocious child, and thrilled to hear about the famous Gunning sister who died from the effect of putting on her cheeks too much rouge containing arsenic; about Mlle Lantelme, "Paris's most beautiful actress," who, at the height of her fame, fell from a window in a house-boat and was drowned; about ladies sitting with their backs to the light, though why Queen Alexandra should sit in this position I could never quite understand.

Instead of doing my lessons diligently, I was always thinking about Miss Lily Elsie's eyelashes and wondering what sort of a picture there would be of her in the next *Sketch* and *Tatler*. From the Lallie Charles photographs I knew her every feature, the way her hair grew at the parting, every piece of jewellery she possessed, the pearl and platinum strap ending in the diamond heart, the small necklet of pearls with the rose-shaped clasp; and when the time came for me to be photographed by Miss Charles and to stand bolt upright by the Jacobean chair, in which my mother now sat and which I knew so well by sight, my excitement knew no bounds.

"So this is the piece of chiffon that you draped Lily Elsie in," I shrieked with triumph, and, oh, the thrill of finding that the roses I knew so well were artificial and dusty.

Although Lily Elsie remained my one love, gradually more favourites appeared upon the horizon and I could hardly wait for Tuesday afternoon when the new weekly magazines arrived. I used to pray that there would be a full-page photograph of Gaby Deslys or Florence Smithson, and if there were, these photographs would be enlarged to gigantic proportions on the wall by the "magic" lantern. School notebooks were filled with



MLLE LANTELME



FRANCES,
COUNTESS OF
WARWICK

sketches of musical comedy actresses and the famous beauties of the day, and in consequence, I could never pass the examinations at the end of the term.

Once in a blue moon I would be taken to a matinée of a musical comedy, and the preceding excitement caused me to have sleepless nights and to bite my finger-nails to the quick. Lunch would be ordered, by me, at least two hours before the performance, and I would arrive at the theatre, sweating with anxiety, long before the foot-lights had turned the dingy plum-coloured

hangings into a glowing magic curtain; by the time the musicians were tuning up and raising their thrilling, ghostly caterwauling, my heart was throbbing so fiercely that from then on I was in an ecstasy until I returned home to bed, weeping with exhaustion and a splitting headache. About two days later I would recover, and remember all that had happened. Not one of the comedian's crude jokes was forgotten, no detail of the ladies' dresses escaped me, and the holidays would go by in a delirium of joy as I transported the Daly's production on to my own toy stage. In water-colour paint on cartridge paper the pink and green scenery was faithfully reproduced, little torches made very effective limelights, and I would cut out from magazines the photographs of lovely ladies and paint them to look as if they were "made up" in full stage war-paint, complete with heavy turquoise-blue around the eyes, and on my stage was a motley chorus consisting of royalties, duchesses and genuine stage ladies.



MRS. MARSHALL FIELD then MISS AUDREY JAMES



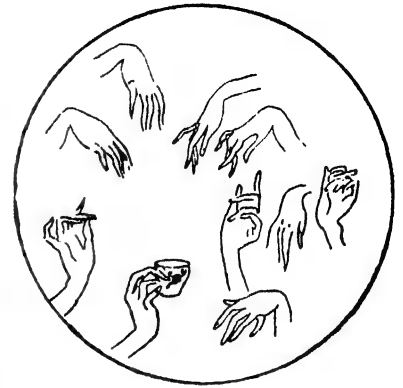
THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND

Then – oh, horror! – the war came and the *Sketch* and *Tatler* stopped for a week, after which a very thin ghost of these magazines appeared filled with photographs of – soldiers. But I prayed very hard, and soon the photographs that I wanted reappeared, and with them new favourites, Lady Warwick, the Duchess of Portland, Lady Diana Manners, Lady Patricia Ramsay, Cécile Sorel, Ida Rubenstein, Gina Palerme, Lady Curzon (*née* Leiter) and her three daughters. I was taken to see a pageant at an Albert Hall ball, and this was certainly worth growing up for! Beauties poured thick and fast into my portfolios, which bulged to such proportions that there were ominous threats to do away with Mrs. Beck (then Mrs. Lionel Tennyson), Raquel Meller,



QUEEN ALEXANDRA

Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Coats (now Mrs. Marshall Field), Isobel Elsom, Mrs. Vernon Castle, Mary Garden and Cleo de Mérode, who was the first to wear hair over her shell-like ears, and who is still so beautiful that people cheer her.

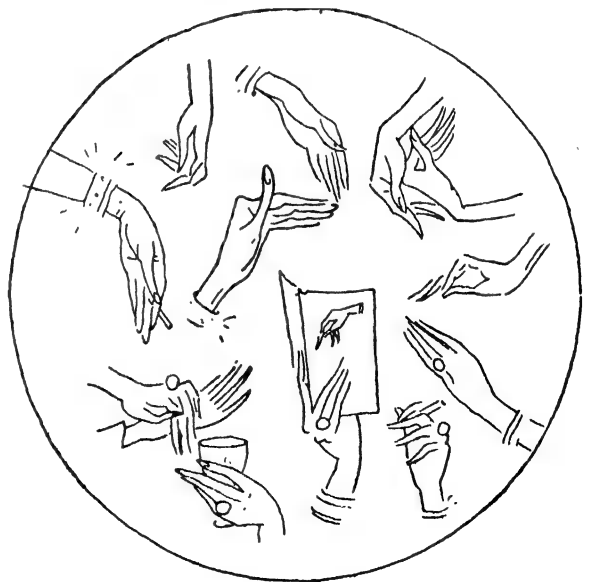


PRE-WAR HANDS

Then pictures of Paula Gellibrand appeared, and in imitation of her I would pin up my sisters in part of an evening dress discarded by my mother, would stand them against a wall, holding lilies, and be heart-broken that the results, taken with the Kodak, showed no resemblance to the Gellibrand, but only two fan-

taastically garbed mites, their eyes smudged with burnt cork, the whole sadly out of focus. I was not totally discouraged, however, and the same post-card Kodak has attempted to imitate in turn the works of the pioneer Mrs. Cameron ; Mr. Silvy, an exquisite artist who made little masterpieces of all the reigning beauties of the sixties in his studio in Porchester Terrace ; Alice Hughes, who always featured her subjects palely, holding flowers, and with sharp pencil-strokes added to the print to give a finishing touch ; Miss Compton Collier, with her flattering "at home in the garden with friend" snapshots ; the Baron de Meyer, with the romantic lightning lighting ; the bold relentless Mr. Steichen and the metallic and modern Baron Huene. The result is this book.

There will be disagreement about my choice of those included and excluded, as there always will be about personal taste. My own choice is for the super-pretty and the exotic. I agree that my journal is far from complete ; how, indeed, could it be otherwise—for there are so many creatures whom I consider beauties : the wise old village lady, sitting at the cottage door, with wrinkles emphasising the contours of her skeleton ; the tentative spinster, so spick and span, wearing the garden hat perched high on briskly brushed hair, tripping



POST-WAR HANDS



THE QUEEN OF SPAIN



LADY GREY AS ONE OF SARGENT'S
"THREE GRACES"

cheeks, marmalade wigs, and bonnets encrusted with Parma violets; but someone rather callously remarked, "You can't fill your book with old geysers!" Æsthetically the contours, delicacy and ballet-dancer precision of Miss Nellie Wallace win her a place as a beauty, though she herself is the first to admit she is not the general idea of one. But this is the first attempt at an up-to-date version of the old books of beauty, in which early Victorian belles, possessors of proud names, were engraved in steel, stroking doves, with posies of wild flowers or baskets of eggs, some dallying with small poetry books and pet dogs or looking wistfully out from the jasmined bower with a snow-white carrier-pigeon gently held in

down the village lane with her shopping basket on her arm; the mousy little vicar's wife, snipping off moss roses; sullen-eyed gypsies and peasants sitting in the hedgerows; bloodlessly pale invalids, in their wheeled chairs; the plain, apple-cheeked, neat cook on her afternoon out, sitting in the omnibus with her carefully tied shoe laces; the pathetic little Pekinese-like

hags, gallantly keeping up a pretence that they still resemble Queen Alexandra when she was young, with their rouged cheeks, marmalade wigs, and bonnets encrusted with Parma violets; but someone rather callously remarked, "You can't fill your book with old geysers!" Æsthetically the contours, delicacy and ballet-dancer precision of Miss Nellie Wallace win her a place as a beauty, though she herself is the first to admit she is not the general idea of one. But this is the first attempt at an up-to-date version of the old books of beauty, in which early Victorian belles, possessors of proud names, were engraved in steel, stroking doves, with posies of wild flowers or baskets of eggs, some dallying with small poetry books and pet dogs or looking wistfully out from the jasmined bower with a snow-white carrier-pigeon gently held in one hand and the note it had brought resting in the other. One beauty was posed as Cleopatra in Europeanised Eastern robes with delicately tinselled lace, her face sprinkled with patches; another, asleep in a chair in her coronet of camellias after her first ball. All were quite unreal but divinely pretty, and though some were busily at work carrying corn, making wreaths or trimming Dolly Varden hats, all were as cool as ice; no tendril or ringlet was awry.



LADY D'ABERNON
After Sargent

In the old books of beauty (alternately termed the Regal Gallery) tender poems were addressed to the same name as that borne by the distinguished lady opposite, but since I am no poet I have tried instead to make my book an analysis of modern beauty, a collection of the loveliest ladies I have ever seen, and, in time, it may become a sentimental document for our grandchildren, to marvel at all the types of beauty to-day; the latest varieties of Venus as well as the counterparts of former belles.



The Countess of Oxford and Asquith.



CONSUELO,
DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

To-day, we have Mrs. Clow of Chicago, so beautiful as to be called 'Boo' for short, as our pre-Raphaelite Dante's Beatrice, Mrs. Peter Thursby as our Nell Gwynne, Lady Juliet Duff as Mrs. Siddons; Lady Hamilton imitated the plastic poses of Cleo, Agrippina and Diana, and Lady Lavery poses as Lady Hamilton. But how many of these beauties, with the exception of Lillie Langtry, will make history? Surely Emma Hamilton could not have been lovelier than

Lady Lavery or any other beauties of our day, and if Lillie Langtry were young now, would she create the furore she did in her heyday? How can we account for her triumphs?

In the eighties no "make up" was used and "gilded lilies" were not *de rigueur*. Mrs. Langtry's complexion happened to be a bouquet of scarlet and pink roses and white lilies, and she triumphed mercilessly over the unvarnished plain. But nowadays, with a pot of paint and a brush of mascara, almost every woman can, and does, make herself look attractive. To-day there is a superfluity of paint and good looks. In the old days it was enough that a beautiful woman should be gracious and charming; the beauties were seen rather than heard. The Grecian goddess, however dumb, justified herself; but to-day it is more essential for a woman to be bright and attractive, and good looks do not signify unless backed up by intelligence. In this beauty-glutted age personality is more important, perhaps, than looks. The old belle is not a contemporary figure, for she is unamusing and has but a little and formal sense of humour.

To-day, fashion has it that a reigning beauty shall keep within the limits of a uniform style, and yet, within these limits, establish her personality, and accordingly the old-fashioned belle finds it very difficult to stand out from the good-looking mass around her in these days when every woman uses the same camouflage. In the old days there were exciting and whimsical innovations, the sudden appearance of the Langtry toque, the Alexandra curl on the alabaster shoulder, and others; everyone had set standards and knew and recognised a beautiful woman at sight. Nowadays, opinions are more varied, and the modern idea of a belle is so different that an old beauty would be considered too handsome and stodgy; while judging from the old standards, our Venus of to-day would be considered to be unimposing, too thin, too exotic and with not enough chin. To-day, classical beauty means less than charm, handsomeness is *démodé* and prettiness, until recently, was out of date and considered vaguely ridiculous. People who prided themselves on being contemporary-spirited considered it to be a sign of being branded of the older generation to behave prettily, to turn the toes out too far, to



THE MARCHESA CASATI
After a Portrait by Augustus John



MRS. ARMSTRONG JONES

cock the little finger, to sit delicately on the edge of the chair and to call "Jo-hoane" over the banisters in sweet and dulcet tones. The post-war belle had no time for airs and graces and palaverings, and like the variety artist, made her effects quickly with no preliminary beatings about the bush; she shrieked "Joan" with a business-



LINA CAVALIERI

like yelp. The pre-war belle clings tenaciously to her vintage, she never forgets past triumphs, in her dance is an echo of the maxixe and turkey trot. She sits hopefully to Royal Academy portrait painters in an evening gown cut and draped on

distinguished lines, in her hair is a rather Grecian-looking wreath and round her shoulders a soupçon of tulle. Why is she slightly ridiculous? Where is the beauty of to-day? She is everywhere, in a period that can boast Mary Anderson, Lady D'Abernon, Mme Letellier, Lady Grey, the most exquisite of Sargent's Three Graces and the mother of Mrs. Beck (the Mrs. Scott Moncrieff by Raeburn of to-day), and such Queens of Roumania and Spain; was there ever such a period that contained such brave bone construction as that of the Marchesa Casati and Sarah Bernhardt, and such features as Miss Ethel Barrymore's forehead, Lady Louis Mountbatten and Mrs. Henry McLaren's eyes, the Ranee of Pudukota's nose and Mme Balsan's (the former Duchess of Marlborough) slender neck? As one watches these goddesses under the trees on a Sunday afternoon, or clustered together, waiting in their fancy costumes to appear in a pageant; Mrs. Armstrong Jones, of exquisite carriage with sloping creamy shoulders and bright bird-like eyes, dressed as Elizabeth Linley, Miss Diana Fellowes and Miss Le Bas; as one turns over the pages of *Vogue* magazine and sees Oriel Ross, Epstein's favourite model, the elongated Marion Moorehouse and the camellia-like Jules André and the other mannequins; when at the Russian ballet one sees Tchernecheva, Pavlova and Karsavina, or, when at the opera one hears Lucrezia Bori as Mélisande, Mary Garden more glamorous than any, or Lina Cavalieri, supposed to be possessed of the perfect Roman face; when one saw Duse with the perfect actress's face - a face so plastic that it could become anything; when Anna May Wong's proportions appear on the cinematograph sheet, one realises why, in this epoch so lush in lovely ladies, beauty as a profession has gone and the old belle in her glory lingers only in effigy on the covers of boxes of Havana cigars.



Miss Anna May Wong.



ELEANORA DUSE

What makes a beauty? We despair, we have little inkling of the secret, for often in no way do beauties resemble one another. Some taunt us with their Rubenesque stature, others are of only modest *embonpoint*, some are decadent and thin, some as sugary as china shepherdesses, many delight us with their imperfections. Cinder blondes, raven brunettes, elfin ginger-tops, all may make us

bow in admiration, and yet we cannot understand why, nor can we always recognise these beauties at sight, for there are some forms of beauty, potent, yet so subtle that they do not blaze upon one's vision but rather grow upon acquaintance.

Osbert Sitwell, in his chapter on Lola Montez in *Sober Truth*, quotes a nineteenth-century Spanish writer who boldly insists upon the following twenty-seven points as essential to feminine beauty :

“ three white – the skin, the teeth, the hands ; three black – the eyes, the eyelashes, the eyebrows ; three red – the lips, the cheek, the nails ; three long – the body, the hair, the hands ; three short – the ears, the teeth, the legs ; three broad – the bosom, the forehead, the space between the eyebrows ; three full – the lips, the arms, the calves ; three small – the waist, the hands, the feet ; three thin – the fingers, the hair, the lips.”

But this is surely not our idea of a beauty, for fashion is so important that even over the magic of beauty it is triumphant. Nellie, the King's mistress, who was then the perfection of the newest loveliness, might be a common type in our day. The great height of Helen inspired pæans of praise in Troy, but in London, Paris, New York or Berlin to-day she would be considered too handsome to be attractive. We may admit that Lulu is lovelier than even the original Gibson girl, Miss Camille Clifford, but we have no use for copies, however good. Lulu has arrived upon the scene too late in the day. The new kind of Venus has in the meantime been acclaimed, and the unfathomed beauty of to-day is the important one to whom we offer our bouquets of tuberoses and wreaths of laurel. It is argued by the more tolerant of the elders that the new beauty is more, what should be termed, attractive than æsthetically lovely, but they are judging from antiquated standards. Attractiveness *is* beauty to-day. We may begin to tire of the inept prettiness of Maud Goodman and crave for something more stimulating. We may know too well the faultlessness of Bouguereau's Madonnas, but we have never before come across a Mrs. Dudley Ward, the typical example of our post-war beauty. Standards are so completely changed from the old that comparison or argument is impossible ; we can only say :

“ But we *like* no chins, we prefer high foreheads to low ones, we prefer flatter noses and



LADY MENDEL



MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD
"THE GIBSON GIRL"

chests and schoolboy figures to bosoms and hips 'like water-melons in the season of water-melons.' We like to see the forms of bone and gristle; hair is made sleek on purpose to show the shape of the skull; small dimpled hands make us feel sick, and we like 'make up,' for it is only a good skin that takes paint successfully."



MISS ORIEL ROSS

There are beauties who mar their final effects by not behaving as such. By wrenching their faces into unbecoming grimaces, by sitting in ungainly positions and moving with gawkiness and by wearing the wrong clothes. But there are ladies whose natural proportions are by no means to scale, who, nevertheless, by their own intelligence and sense, convert themselves into beauties. Lady Oxford, who slightly remarks of her own face that it is but two profiles stuck together, is æsthetically one of the most striking and decorative objects of her time, with her governess-straight back, powdered hair, brittle arrogance, and witch-like delicacy. She wears her hair in exactly the right proportions to counterbalance the contours of her face. She uses, for her, the correct amount of "make up" and wears, for her, the only clothes, veiled tricornes, muffs and ashen taffetas. She is like a live wire with her popinjay movements and vital alertness. Lady Mendl (Elsie de Wolfe) has made herself into an amusing little Goya and diverts attention from any other beauty by her eighteenth-century elegance, American cuteness and infantile gaiety. She is the most "chic" thing on earth. There are ladies who with faulty features give the effect of being beauties by the textures of their complexions, hair and hands, their grace of movement, but, even over the most devastating of all the beauties, it is fashion that still triumphs.

There are always some who profess no belief in fashion, considering the choicest specimens of humanity to have withered in the slums, but what are they but the people fighting unsuccessfully against the times, fashion consisting as it does of everything most successful of the moment?

"No martyrdom, however fine, no satire, however splendidly bitter, has changed by a little tittle the known tendency of things."



"THE PERFECT
ROMAN FACE"



MILLE MARIE
LAURENÇIN

This is a flowery "drawing-room" book, produced at a time when fashion paradoxically is becoming more elaborately graceful. Nothing can be more symbolic of the great machine-age in which we live, nothing more symbolic of our sophisticatedly simple way of living, than the frank post-war beauties in their utilitarianly short skirts. But fashion has suddenly become tired of being significant of the age and is blossoming out into paths of her own whimsy. She will want to decorate a

machine with dog roses; that is what is happening to-day. The influence of Marie Laurençin's rose-coloured delicacies is widespread, and can be seen in pouting faces, plucked eyebrows and printed chiffon. We are treated to the exquisite paradox of ladies being fancifully feminine again, with their flowing skirts, curled hair and Ouida atmosphere. After the war we became so accustomed to a minimum use of material and maximum expanse of flesh that romance and the gleaming shoulders of the earlier days had disappeared in nudity. Now a gardenia is tucked into jasmin-scented lace, prettiness is no longer undesirable, millions of yards of sequined lace are made into frilling: Gabrielle Ray sun-bonnets appear again and no one would burn a muff. With the new becoming fashions the *jolies laides* are pleased and the beauties triumphant, for glamour is returning and were it not for the fact that ugliness is at a premium, hundreds of ladies to-day, if they had existed in any other era, would have been sent down to history with Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Emma Hamilton, the Gunning sisters, Perdita Robinson, Marie Antoinette, Lola Montez, the Jersey Lily and all the other goddesses of beauty, poised so delicately but firmly on the highest pinnacles of fame. What a fame is theirs, the fame of a miracle: to such wonders as the stars, the sky and the flowers, do they belong.



LADY OXFORD





The Jersey Lily.



LILLIE LANGTRY

THERE was a sudden stampede in the Park. Under the Achilles statue chaos reigned, and little dogs, Pomeranians and Schipperkes, yapped and barked and were trodden underfoot, ladies in bustles jumped upon the green iron chairs, horses shied, old dowagers were crushed and fainted. There were many quite serious casualties, and later it was discovered that all this commotion had been for a false alarm. Miss Knipper, who was always of a somewhat excitable nature, had mistaken the lady in the mauve toque for the Jersey Lily, and that is how the trouble started.

Scenes of this sort were not infrequent, such was the excitement caused in the 'eighties by the Professional Beauties, the lovely ladies of whom photographs (lying nonchalantly in hammocks, with hands behind their tilted heads or fondling stuffed doves or bouquets of artificial wheat and poppies) were exhibited everywhere and greedily bought by the thousands.

Most famous of these Professional Beauties was Mrs. Jersey, whose immobile every shop window, revealing cut chin. Wherever Mrs. picture galleries, shops - she frenzied crowds almost crushed to gaze upon the violet eyes. At receptions, guests stood on her; Oscar Wilde slept on her *mere's Fan* for her, and a poem of Troy, now of London - one of her admiring intimates. Watts, Sir Edward Poynter,



LILLIE LANGTRY

Aged 16

Lavery, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Lord Leighton, and her portrait by Millais, named *The Jersey Lily*, which gave her the sobriquet, created such a sensation hanging on the line at the Royal Academy that it had to be roped aside from the surging crowd of admirers. Towns were named after her, her name was written in letters of fire upon the sky. Fashions were swayed by her. One morning she twisted a piece of black velvet into a toque, stuck a quill through it, and went to Sandown Park; a few days later this turban appeared in every milliner's window labelled "The Langtry Hat." "Langtry" shoes, which are still worn, were launched.

Mrs. Langtry, who had not even seen a railway train until she was sixteen years old, arrived with her shy husband physician's orders to con- of typhoid fever, and of her story in her received our first invi- card for a Sunday eve- Lady Sebright, a very actress. We rattled up house in Lowndes four-wheeler. I wore square-cut gown (de- modiste), with no or ornaments of any hair twisted carelessly neck in a knot, which as the 'Langtry.' into the drawing- with a typical London to my hostess, and chair in a corner, feel- countrified. Fancy immediately became



GEORGINA, LADY DUDLEY

tion, and, after a few moments, I found that quite half the people in the room seemed bent on making my acquaintance. One distinguished person after another was led to my corner by my hostess, they in turn bringing others, till my shyness and confusion gave way to utter astonishment at finding myself singled out for such marked attention."

The next day the hall table of the house in Eaton Place in which Mr. and Mrs. Langtry had rooms was found to be heaped with cards and notes of invitation to dine, to lunch, to dance, from people whose distinguished names were familiar, but who, themselves, were personally unknown to the Langtrys. The invitations were accepted, and later: "Through all this procession of opera, dinners, and balls I wore, extraordinary as it may sound to members of my sex, my one black evening gown, the creation of Madame Nicolle, the fashionable dress-maker of St. Heliers, Jersey. It would be difficult for me to analyse my feelings at this time.

in London under phy- valesce after an attack she tells the beginning autobiography: "We tation in London, a ning at-home, from enthusiastic amateur to Lady Sebright's Square in a humble a very simple, black, signed by my Jersey jewels - I had none - kind, and with my on the nape of my later became known Very meekly I glided room, which was filled crush, was presented then retired shyly to a ing very un-smart and my surprise when I the centre of attrac-

To pass in a few weeks from being an absolute 'nobody' to what the Scotch so aptly describe as a 'person'; to find myself not only invited to, but watched for at, all the great balls and parties; to hear the murmur as I entered the room; to be compelled to close the yard gates in order to avoid the curious, waiting crowd outside, before I could mount my horse for my daily canter in the Row; and to see my portrait roped round for protection at the Royal Academy – surely, I thought, London has gone mad, for there can be nothing about me to warrant this extraordinary excitement. I had occasionally stood and studied photographs of the recognised beauty, Lady Dudley, which had found their way into the little stationer's shop of St. Heliers in my quiet island, and I sometimes wondered what it must be like to be such a great and fashionable beauty. And so, when I realised that people the habit of stand-crowded drawing-of me, is it surprising?

Mrs. Langtry's fame greater, like a rocket upwards, and for a con-was seen at every ball; friend of the Prince of wildly extravagant and makers' establishment at Court she ivory brocade gown, from the shoulders in being of the same garlanded with Maré-train being lined with as the flowers. The expressed her disap-feathers which women

on these occasions, and an edict from the Lord Chamberlain had insisted on the feathers being at least visible to the naked eye. And so, in order to be on the safe side, I had obtained three of the longest white ostrich plumes I could find, and it was with great difficulty that I kept these in position on my head, for I still wore my hair coiled low on the neck. Enormous posies of flowers were then in fashion, so steadying myself with an immense bouquet of real Maréchal Neil roses, thoughtfully sent to me by the Prince of Wales, I curtsied and kissed the hand of Her Majesty."

And then an avalanche of bills poured in, so the Jersey Lily went on the stage and appeared in drawing-room comedies, and even before the footlights she never wore make-up. Her complexion was staggering, strawberries and cream; her skin of an extraordinary whiteness; her brilliant cheeks were described by Burne-Jones as being particularly "healthy"; her kind



"THE TOAST OF TWO CONTINENTS"

became greater and she soared heaven-siderable period she she was the intimate Wales, she became ran amok in the dress-ments. For her pres-tells us: "I wore an the train, which hung the style of Josephine, material. Both were chal Neil roses, the the same pale yellow Queen had recently proval of the tiny had taken to wearing

eyes were like violets, peaceful and quiet, her features flawlessly classical ; and her beauty was absolutely right for her day, when classical perfection was all that was asked of Venus ; subtlety, wit and gaiety were not demanded. Moreover, wherever she went, she exuded radiance and glamour. She made a triumphant tour of America, and she was called " The Toast of Two Continents." She was photographed in studio snowstorms, sitting on swings, gazing at a dead bird in her hand ; she was photographed as Marie Antoinette, as Rosalind, holding roses, *The Lily and the Rose* – and from these pictures we can see that her beauty became more sensual and Rubenesque, her eyes more bovine, her chin heavier. She always wore her hair in the same way ; even in her old age, when she spent her days gardening among the snapdragons, wallflowers, maidenhair ferns and wild orchids on the Riviera, she still clung to her Grecian knot, and until the end she was always amazingly young ; at seventy-seven she looked fifty, even when walking along the promenade near where the pigeons are mercilessly shot, in the relentless, blinding Monte Carlo sun, wearing a barrel-shaped fur coat with a little smart toque pulled down tight over the famous and still violet eyes ; and when I photographed her – and this is the last photograph ever to be taken of her – she held a bunch of lilies (*lilium oratum* – she used the Latin name, of course) – it was easy to understand the excitement and thrill her beauty had created in the days that she knew, the days of such elegant pomposity, of Viennese waltzes, of whale-bones, wine-glass waists, technical terms, sobriquets, exclamation-marks, palms and porridge.





Miss Lily Elsie.



MISS LILY ELSIE

HAVE ladies ever been more lovely or more exciting or more important than the ladies at Daly's Theatre or the ladies at the Gaiety, in the days when Mr. George Edwardes imported musical comedies from Vienna, when the voluptuous waltz tunes were written by Lehar and Leo Fall, and when the Misses Gladys Cooper, Olive May, Pauline Chase, Blanche and Doris Stocker, Denise Orme, Sylvia Storey, Madeline Seymour, Billie Burke, Julia James and the Dare sisters were small-part actresses or members of the enchanting chorus?

In those days there was a really wholehearted plot to the operetta, the players were put through the gamut of romantic emotions, everyone meant everything in real earnest, and in *The Dollar Princess* surely the triumph of realistic scenery reached its climax: for never before or since have the settings by Harker been more elaborate, with the stone garden-ornaments flecked with spots of painted sun, the idyllic overhanging trees woven with netting; and never was there such a riot of flora, with the rambler roses made of linen superimposed upon the rambler roses cleverly painted on canvas; perspective was brilliantly assumed and the blue distances on the backcloths were eternal summer afternoons. In those days the leading lady was all important, and how well was her entrance worked up! The male chorus was really male, and they sang lustily in their glorious uniforms with inflated chests and outstretched arms, pointing with gloved hands to the top of the magnificently hydrangeaed staircase at which the heroine was to appear. This was the period *par excellence* of stagey loveliness, the colour schemes were by Comelli, actresses really were "actressy," painted dolls with arch smiles, with musical intonations even to their speech, and always holding artificial roses they



MISS LILY ELSIE IN "THE DOLLAR PRINCESS"

were utterly mistress of every situation. Queen of these glamorous creatures was the drenchingly lovely Miss Lily Elsie. Her name alone conjures up visions of flowery artificiality, of theatrical fragrancancy; how well did she know her business! No one could ever be a more perfect leading lady. In those days it was right that leading ladies should be full of airs and



SONIA IN "THE MERRY WIDOW"

gold ! And in those days musical comedies were fashionable and new, everyone was excited and delighted and they felt particularly lucky to be seeing Miss Elsie in person on the stage, for it was well known that she was called the "occasional actress" and often did not appear : it was said that she was the Princess of Ruritania even in private life and she demanded long holidays. The newspapers were full of pictures of Miss Elsie's understudy, "Miss Clare Evelyn, who is the 'matinée Lily Elsie,'" "Miss Alice O'Brien" or "Miss Emmy Wehlen, who is Alice while Miss Elsie is on holiday for a month near Stanmore or at the Grand Hotel, Folkestone." And then - oh great scoop ! - the papers would be full with actual photographs of Miss Elsie on holiday ! Leading the simple country life ! Driving a plough ; on a verandah with her pet collie dog ; posed in a sun bonnet by the sundial ; on a swing ; picking rambler roses by the tennis court ; wearing a very feminine nattier-blue tailor-made suit, or a dress of lace with a full-blown rose tucked in at the waistband ; smiling with sad eyes, head slightly tilted and one foot pointed limply at the side.

graces and affectations : they talked with a slight French accent for some inexplicable reason, not as if it were a French person trying to talk English but as an English person trying to talk French. Everything fitted in to make a perfect artificial whole, and the leading lady seemed to rule everything so successfully that it was difficult to realise that she did not design the scenery, plan the songs and dances, the situations and her own clothes, herself. Everything went to make Miss Elsie the most magnetic figure of her time : her face, so essentially luscious, with eyes like lovely pools or huge scars stretching across the width of it ; melting, bursting, bee-stung lips, silly, sad smile, her profile flawless, so very English, so very Grecian, her figure like a Tanagra, her movements and walk like those of a water-carrier, her eyes saxe-blue, her hair acid-



"THE GIRL BROUGHT TO MIND
BY EVERY BAND"



MISS GABRIELLE RAY

In the arbour her smile was more theatrical than ever and in the sunlight her hair even more acidly gold than in the limelights at Daly's.

Miss Elsie was the toast of the town during the run of many glorious musical comedies that followed the sensation of *The Merry Widow*. Enormous Foulsham & Banfield photograph heads of Miss Elsie were to be seen everywhere, "The girl brought to mind by every band." It was said that not even a village fair was complete without at least a couple of steam organs playing *The Merry Widow Waltz*. Miss Lily Elsie, Miss Gabrielle Ray and Miss Gladys Cooper were the most

photographed beauties there have ever been.

Miss Gabrielle Ray, less beautiful perhaps, was even more excruciatingly pretty, with her spoiled cherub face, bunches of blonde curls, upturned eyes and drooping lips. She was the photographer's dream, a Greuze come to life, and she was photographed "All in a garden fair," surrounded by lilies and doves, as a puritan in the moonlight, in Kate Greenaway clothes on the stepping-stones, picking marguerites : there was a picture called *A Passing Cloud or A Lovers' Quarrel* in which she was featured at the edge of a wood with her lover painted on the backcloth. In all photographs she was discovered in the same pose, with raised head and eyes, and eventually she was pictured sitting discontentedly in a deck chair reading a current *Sketch*, surrounded by these hundreds of photographs of herself. The caption read : "Miss Gabrielle Ray weary of seeing herself in picture form."

In a huge poke bonnet trimmed with roses, a floppy garden hat pushed to the back of her head, or a little Juliet cap of pearls and saxe-blue ribbons, she was the most feminine thing that ever tripped the boards ; and everything in her dressing-room was tied with little bows ; she danced like an elf.

Never, surely, has the dressmaker's art soared to such heights as in the dresses of this period designed by that delicate genius, Lucille. Of all the costumes of all the ages exhibited in the London Museum to-day the Lucille creations of this period are surely the loveliest. They are mostly built on Empire lines and are of an unique elaboration. Pastel shades and sweet-pea colouring were used with triumphant precision, drapery of filmy chiffon was weighed down with embroidery of almost incredible delicacy, the hems of underskirts revealed sprays of silver-thread wheat and lovers' knots of blue.

Here is an extract from the *Frocks and Frills* page in the *Merry Widow* issue of the *Play Pictorial* ; it is called "Delightful Dresses at Daly's," and is by Louise Heilgers : "They are essentially stage gowns, and so lavishly are they strewn, especially those in the second act (when Madame Sonia & Cie relapse into the dress of their native country), with gold and silver, that one cannot help wondering whether the dressmaker responsible for their production did not pay a surreptitious visit to Tom Tiddler's Land, where, or



THE "MERRY WIDOW" HAT

at least so it is said, gold and silver may be had for the asking. Their colour scheme throughout is really beautiful, and it is worthy of notice to mention that all the gowns in the first and third acts are, without exception, made in the Empire style. The high-waisted bodices, the long trailing skirts, the tinted aigrette floating from perfectly dressed heads, how well they suit the tall, graceful Daly girls and the Daly stage."

"And quite delightful is Miss Gabrielle Ray's dress of cream chiffon with a Greek key design carried out in lace upon the skirt, rambler roses of this design framing a band of painted chiffon displaying wild roses and foliage in natural colours. The bodice is full and ornamented with cream satin ribbon which is crossed over from shoulder to waist and extends round the bodice to the back.

adorn the sleeves and is tucked into the Miss Ray wins all and lace confection grace and skill. With captivating Juliet cap hair to great advantage her coiffure is worthy it should be observed who seek information Mode's latest decree. adorned by a little gold bandeau of blue ribbon

"Lucky Miss Elsie, waltz fame, is, of course, adorned in her frocks. gowned in what appears to be sunshine, but is in silver and gold embroidered white satin. There is tulle edging the décol-



MISS RAY AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY, 1910

bodice, and huge shoulder-knots of the same. A loose rose-pink wrap adorned with bands of silver and careless knots of rosebuds accompanied this gown. In the second act she is clad in the costume of her native country, she is all black and gold like an Arabian Night's dream. Over this dress she wears a *tabard* coat of cloth of gold, and her head-dress is a gorgeous affair of silver and gold with a cluster of silver and gold passion flowers at one side and gold-spangled long floating ends of black gauze.

"In the third act Miss Elsie returns to modern dress, and wears a clinging white chiffon Empire gown over palest pink satin. There are gleams of silver on the long trailing skirt, which is beautifully embroidered round the hem with pink and blue chiffon blossoms. The short silver sleeves and the low-cut bodice are also edged with tassels and knots of palest blue net. With this gown she also wears an old-rose satin coat and an immense black crinoline hat,

Long white ribbons a cluster of pink roses belt. In the second act hearts in a pink satin that is a triumph of it she wears a very which sets off her fair tache. In the last act of particular note, and with interest by those as to Madame La Miss Ray's hair is adorned by a little gold bandeau of blue ribbon of the *Merry Widow* course, specially favoured. In the first act she appears to be woven reality a shimmer of broderies over oyster-foam of palest pink letage of the Empire



MISS JULIA JAMES

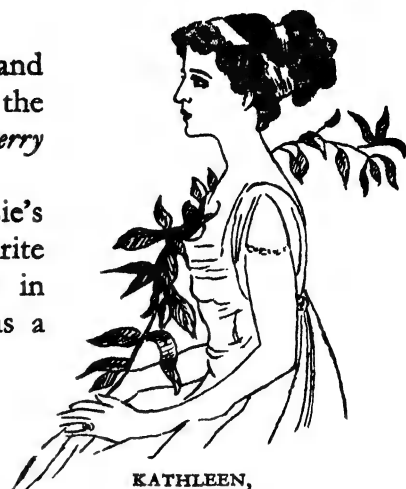
banded round the crown with silver and two huge pink roses nestling under the brim. "Oh! The sensation of the *Merry Widow* hat!"

In *The Count of Luxemburg* "Miss Elsie's first-act garment was in her favourite blue, most elaborately embroidered in silver and white, the lower part was a cascade of silver bugles and little

crescents of pink and blue flowers peeping in and out round the hem of the skirt. There seemed to be two or three transparent skirts, the over dress just giving a tantalising glimpse where it opened at the side; the effect of the mauve over the blue was delightful. A lovely hat (from Mrs. Ansell, 9 Old Bond Street), with pale blue ospreys standing up all round the back, completed the picture. A large pillow-muff of alternate pink satin and brown fur was carried when Miss Elsie first appeared, and the touch of pink against the blue was most effective."

Miss Lily Elsie and the other lovely ladies of Daly's were at first under contract to be photographed by Foulsham & Banfield exclusively, but the prerogative passed to Rita Martin, and the pale terracotta loveliness of her photographs are part and parcel of this period. Rita Martin and her sister, Lallie Charles, the rival photographer, posed their sitters in a soft conservatory-looking light, making all hair deliriously fashionable to be photo-lowered; in just the same Drogheda, Princess Daisy Taylor, who died sud-influenza at the zenith of squirrel-eyed, swollen-piquant Miss Gertie Mil-and all the other ladies of gazed down on to a dozen roses or a cultivated

The revolving stands glossy picture-postcards hair parted in the centre, on the left, or wearing leafy wreaths; and then, Elsie married Mr. Ian that perhaps in her wedding appear on the stands for the relief did one welcome the



KATHLEEN,
COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA



MRS. DUBOSC TAYLOR
(From a photograph by Lallie Charles)

becomingly shadowless, blonde. And it was graphed with eyelids way as Lady Curzon, Lady of Pless, Mrs. Dubosc denly of an attack of her beauty, the red-haired, smiling Miss Julia James, lar, waxy Miss Sari Petrass the day, Miss Lily Elsie full-blown Clara Butt rambler rosebush.

were always stacked with of Miss Lily Elsie, her or on the right side, or Russian head-dresses and oh heavens! Miss Lily Bullough, and one feared ding dress she would ap-last time. With what next crop of Rita Martin's!

Mrs. Ian Bullough was white silk shirt with her cinema stars usurped the edy actresses, but Mrs. seen from time to time in a bowler hat, jumping a hunter, or salmon fishing

Now, however—and let Lily Elsie has returned she is more exaggeratedly beauty is mummified, merge her face, her lips ever, her hair is still the chin' is firm, her smile as “actressy” as ever.

Her movements have become even more coltlike, the French accent has become more apparent, her voice more adenoidal, and whenever a garden is lush with flowers and looking particularly summery with dappled sunlight on the lawns, or whenever I see a musical comedy stage set with all the linen roses with their heads pointed to the foot-lights and the wistaria nailed to the hollow porch, I am always haunted by the memory of Miss Lily Elsie, the goddess of musical-comedy-loveliness, posing in the limelights with her head slightly tilted, her arms lifted, and one foot uselessly dangling with toe pointed to one side.

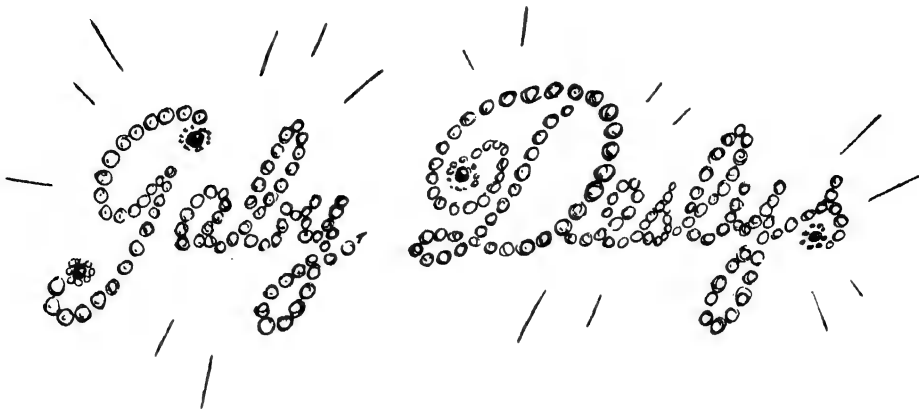


MISS LILY ELSIE TO-DAY

photographed in a simple terrier. Soon indeed the places of the musical comedy actresses could still be the pages of the *Tatler*, in fence on her favourite in Scotland.

us thank heaven – Miss to the stage, and to-day lovely than ever. Her her eyes now almost sub-are fuller and redder than colour of ripe corn, her sad and meaningless and





GABY DESLYS

OH! The memory of her flaxen locks, baby's complexion, cherry lips and ravishing plumpness! She was a marvellous creature, of brilliantine and brilliance, and Christmas-tree tinsel—madly artificial and so gaily irresponsible, the epitome of self-consciousness and at the same time utterly childish; a little ragamuffin playing on the sands with pearls, but she knew the value of the pearls! She had the incessant vitality of an over-excited child, and oh! what sex appeal, oh! what glamour! It was impossible to look at anyone else while she was on the stage: not one of the glorious chorus behind her would be noticed, for Gaby riveted all attention with her fantastic affectations. After every performance, the entrance to the stage door of the theatre at which she happened to be playing was surging with a crowd of feverishly excited hoboos, Guardsmen, æsthetes and filberts, who cheered while Gaby made her way to her huge black-and-white motor-car, that had many more than the usual number of large windows, and her initials blazing on its doors. She is responsible for so many of the prevalent theatrical conventions; she was the first to introduce the actress's now well-known laugh, the poignant stagey laugh, with mouth wide open and eyes sad with unnecessarily pained eyebrows. Drian, the artist, was inspired to pile mountains of feathers on her irresponsible head, and she understood the fun and carried out his idea with marvellous effects, sheaves of paradise were piled to look like fountains on a beret, ostrich feathers shot from a Juliet cap. How well she realised the value of overdoing everything: the feathers soared to any ceiling! She is entirely responsible for Mistinguett's head-dresses, for the glut of spangles at the Casino de Paris, and for the window displays at Selfridge's Store. And what a good job she made of herself! When she appeared as the Charm of Paris in *The Little Cherub*, in which she showed "How the fair Parisienne walks, sings and dances," her beauty was not developed, she had not learnt how to pile on the paint and the feathers, nor how to intensify her charms. But later, when she appeared at the Palace Theatre in bedroom sketches and revues, she became more and more lovely, more and more luxurious and fabulous, like a piece of ripe, rare fruit. She made herself utterly beautiful, her huge, warm, tragic eyes, like hare's eyes, were thickly mascaraed, the heavy eyelids were dusted

with turquoise blue powder, her chubby little rabbity nose was white as snow, her dumpling chin a maiden's-blush rose, her complexion was like a baby's, like a puff of marshmallow – what a complexion to take the make-up ! In those days when very few people took the advantage of being farded, Gaby's cheeks were painted the colour of a pink carnation, her lips, carmined, were like wet cherries, her hair became more and more flaxen so that in the unearthly light of the limes it became to look almost green. She made herself sing, she taught herself to be an excellent dancer, she liked orchids and pearls and diamonds and emeralds and chinchilla furs, and she had more orchids than anyone, she had too much chinchilla, too many pearls, too many diamonds and emeralds, too much osprey, too many paradise plumes. Her existence was a series of violent affectations, her house in Kensington Gore was an amazing document, built to resemble a church, glutted with crucifixes, pillars and heavy brocades; in her bedroom there were marble steps up to the bed as there are steps up to the altar ; she was very religious. She was surrounded by strange little pets, marmosets or those spidery, quivering, little Mexican gazelles (Chihuahuas), and her publicity was more grotesque than any other actress's had ever been. She was photographed, always smiling bravely, in her bath, or killing bees with wooden scissors specially designed for the purpose, or having lunch



AS "THE CHARM OF PARIS" IN "THE NEW ALADDIN"

with her sister in an incredibly ornate room ; the centrepiece on her dining-room table was a mountain of orchids, around the Jacobean walls there were huge gilded baskets filled with hydrangeas or spotted lilies tied with ribbon bows. In a black velvet and chinchilla ensemble she was photographed riding a donkey on the sands, surrounded by disabled soldiers.

The following is from the *Star*, August 1915 : " And, oh, she is so tiny – such a little sing ! I offered £20 for her, not for the value but because I loaf her so, yes ! Bébé is one of those so little dogs, like a skinned dog, like a big r-r-rat ! One of the tiny dogs that always look so

cold and shiver and tremble, so ! Nobody would want to keep her for herself – they would sooner have the £20, for she is so what you call ugly and shivery. Ma pauvre ! But that is why I loaf her, for you know when people have very ugly children they loaf them all the more – so it is with Bébé. When I buy her first, people say : ‘ Uh, take it away, it is a dirty, nasty little dog, like a r-r-rat ! ’ But she was a brave little dog and would fight other dogs – enormous dogs – ma petite ! You know they eat those little shivery dogs in China ! Oh la la la la !

She became more and more extravagant, her creations became wilder and more fantastic, she would run half naked on to the stage and throw off with a care-free laugh her towering head-dress of cross ospreys, and the ladies in the dress circle would gasp with horror and delight. Jean Cocteau describes an American dance which he saw her perform with her partner at the Casino de Paris during the War :

“ The American band accompanied it on banjos and thick nickel tubes. On the right of the little black-coated group there was a barman of noises under a gilt pergola loaded with bells, triangles, boards, and motor-cycle horns. With these he fabricated cock-tails, adding from time to time a dash of cymbals, all the while rising from his seat, posturing and smiling vacuously.

“ Mr. Pilcer, in evening dress, thin and rouged, and Mlle Gaby Deslys, like a big ventriloquist’s doll, with a china complexion, flaxen hair, and a gown of ostrich feathers, danced to this hurricane of rhythm and beating of drums a sort of tame catastrophe which left them quite intoxicated and blinded under the glare of six anti-aircraft searchlights. The house was on its feet to applaud, roused from its inertia by this extraordinary turn, which, compared to the madness of Offenbach, is what a tank would be beside an 1870 state carriage.”



As Mademoiselle Chic she appeared in a ballet skirt trimmed with cherries, she was a pink flamingo in ruched pink tulle and tails of dyed paradise, she was a canary in a huge cage about to be destroyed by an acrobat cat, she would be very patriotic, dressed in satin Union Jacks with towering head-dresses of red, white and blue feathers, her shoes were laced with ribbons to the knee and were ornamented with colossal diamond buckles. She was a most dressy little person, for with her creamy plumpness, chubby arms, fat round breasts, she looked clothed when naked ; she always wore the famous pearls like eggs round her neck, even in the bath.

How I did adore her banging a big drum at the Theatrical Garden Party, surrounded by awed crowds from the suburbs who were speechless with amazement at her in her all-magenta

outfit, a hat like an aeroplane upon her head, Gainsborough curls, lace stockings and magenta orchids at her waist. She was the most wildly successful, wildly gay, wildly tragic little marmoset. She died of a long and agonising disease, which she knew would kill her, but she went on acting until the end, and only a few days before her death she completed the final death-bed scene of a film she was making in Paris. All Paris turned out for her funeral, the flowers sent stretched for miles ; her money and jewellery were left to the poor of Marseilles, her birthplace. She is already an historic character, no one within recent years has soared within miles of her fabulousness, and one cannot imagine another will ever do so – she was so absolutely right and unique in her period, a magnolia trimmed with spangles and ospreys.



R.I.P.

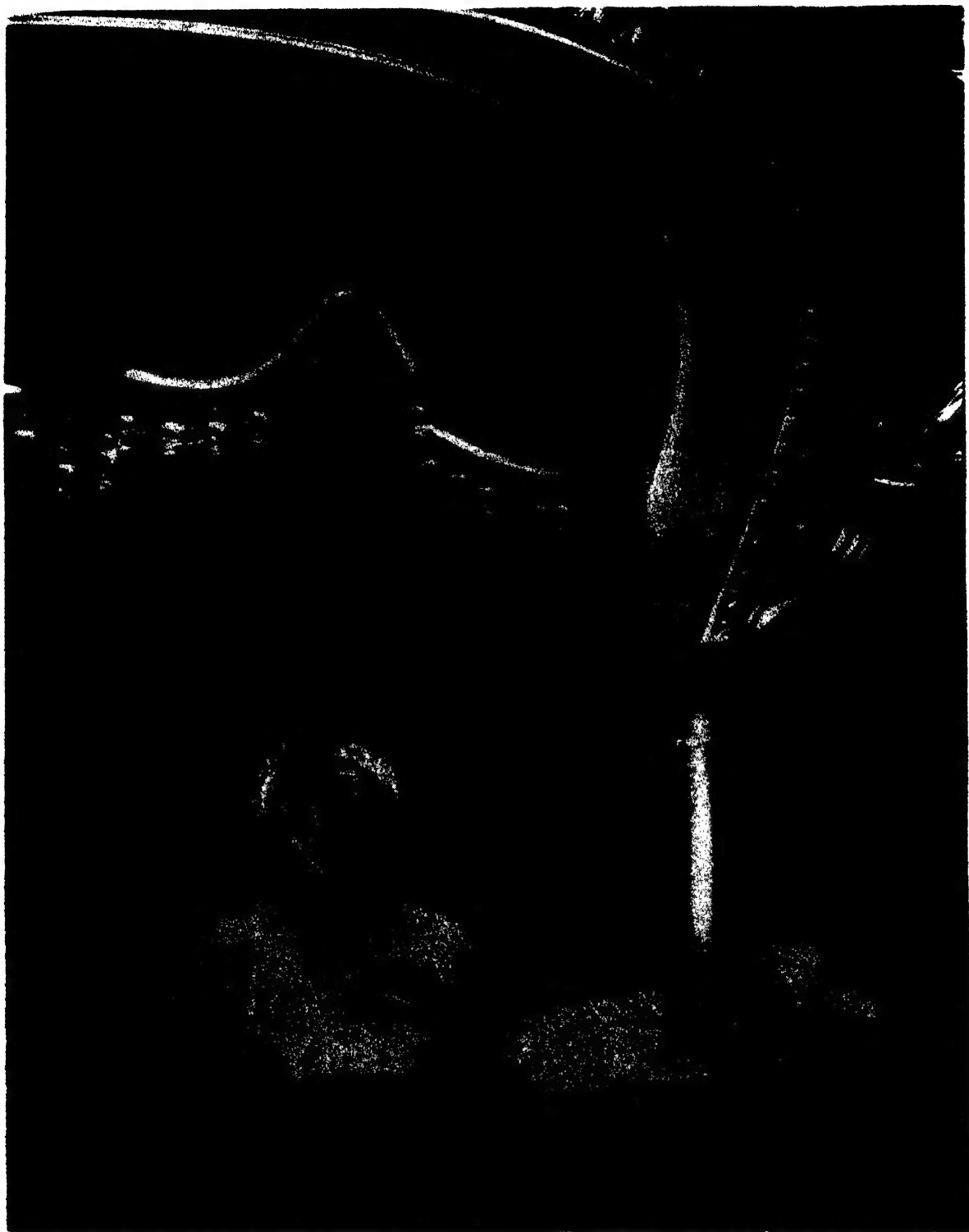
GINA PALERME

GINA PALERME in many ways is akin to Gaby Deslys, she has the same fluffy, flaxen hair, the same fringe and Gainsborough curls, the same Turkish-delight complexion, the same mad love for a surfeit of ospreys and pearls and fabulousness and ridiculous pets, but Gina Palerme possesses a restraint and an elegance that did not belong to the plump bertigibbet, Gaby. Gina ful, slightly schoolboy-though first and foremost her precious lips, pretty nostrils, exquisite hands. In many ways her public like Gaby's: she, too, tragically leaning for the waving a French flag. unsuitably dressed, and reveals ornate Empire wrought gilt and the flowers. Her beauty was appeared in *Bric a Brac* Palace during the War; to unimagined size and ness, and the feathery

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lashes, impossibly long and curling, looked like monkey-fur trimming on an ice cream. She was one of the first actresses to wear sailor's clothes, and when I saw her with her blonde hair against the black velvet beret my very young heart missed a beat.

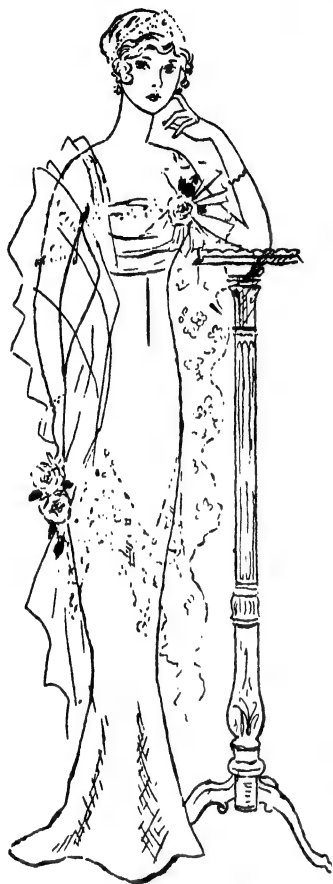




The Countess Howe.

LADY HOWE

IN Lady Howe we have the elegance of the aristocrat combined with the excessive prettiness that accompanies carnation-pink cheeks and yellow hair. She is gracefully statuesque, her height is superb, her neck swan-like, and her poreless complexion is like icing-sugar



"Much photographed and much worth photographing. The beautiful Viscountess Curzon."

on a birthday cake. The result is devastating: there is no living beauty who can create more of an effect than she when entering a ballroom or sitting in a box at the opera. No amount of ostrich-feather trimming or spangling can make her unlady-like, and her potent personality carries with her a charming pre-war atmosphere of the boudoir, of teagowns and Pekinese dogs and perfume bottles, swansdown and soft cushions, silver tea-kettles, little squares of hot buttered toast and full-blown "Madame Butterfly" roses in silver, trumpet-shaped vases. She is full of feminine affectations, with pained-about-nothing eyebrows, mock surprises, delicious graciousnesses and wistful smiles. Her nose is a little bleached bone: she smiles a slightly crooked, thin-lipped smile, and her eyes are bright and twinkling.

The newspapers have talked about her as one of the loveliest women in England ever since her marriage to her cousin in 1907. "England's most beautiful peeress," "A perfect specimen of English beauty," and above the captions is this tall blonde, perhaps with a lace shawl draped on her head, or with a Pekinese dog or a bunch of lilies nestling at her bosom. The American papers blazed with the news "Viscountess Curzon is perfect type of British pulchritude," and in 1912 she gained the title of "Queen of Beauty," for she appeared in that rôle in Mrs. Cornwallis West's "Eglinton Tournament" at *Shakespeare's England*. "The Elizabethan Triumph is an ambitious title for a twentieth-century spectacular production, and it may be conceded that the great jousts and tourneys at Earls Court on Thursday night of last week were worthy of the description. Nothing was lacking, Queen

Alexandra was there and other of the royal personages. Very beautiful looked Viscountess Curzon as she was borne into the arena upon a canopied litter in her white gown and pale blue train as the Queen of Beauty; the dress cut on the shoulders showed a neck equal in whiteness to the satin in her gown—this is no fanciful comparison but actually the fact, and very impressive and charming was her train of 'wayting ladyes,' who rode in headed by Lady Diana Manners, to be followed by the Princess Errant, impersonated by Princess Pless, whose horse was romantically decked with roses and who was followed by her Court, including such well-known personages as the Countess Pauline Pappenheim, Countess Nada Torby, Prince Christopher of Greece, etc."

The newspaper reporters were never weary of describing her: "Lady Curzon, looking



lovely (she can't help it, can she ?) in pale mauve, was in a box." "Lady Curzon, looking lovely, wore a jewelled aigrette in her hair, and a large, black beauty spot." "The Prince of Servia again escorted Lady Curzon, whose white gown was draped and looped and swirled in the most graceful fashion imaginable." "Lady Curzon, tall, fair and lovely, wore a quaint cap of white lace and blue ribbon, which with her pale face was decidedly attractive." "Lady Curzon was the coolest looking person there, and had the cutest of matinée hats, which didn't seem to consist of anything except a crown of black ospreys." "As she walked about the course at Ascot people forgot all about the horses." "Lady Curzon left early as she is not allowed to keep late hours."

One of the brightest sparks of my childhood was when I saw her at an Albert Hall ball in a fantastic scarlet-and-white mediæval costume designed by Mr. Hugo Rumbold, and to-day there is no more charming spectacle than Lady Howe, either at the opera or taking the Pekinese for an airing in the Park, or at home, at tea time, blowing out the silver spirit-lamp and eating toast and honey.



THE MORGAN SISTERS



THE MORGAN SISTERS :

VISCOUNTESS FURNESS AND MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

THE Morgan sisters, Lady
Furness and Mrs. Vanderbilt,
are alike as two magnolias,
and with their marble complex-
ions, raven tresses, and flowing
dresses, with their slight lips
and foreign accents, they diffuse,
like Lady Howe, an Ouida at-
mosphere of hot-house elegance
and lacy femininity. They are of
infinite delicacy and refinement,
and with slender necks and
wrists, and long-coiled, silky
hair, they are gracefully statu-
esque. Their noses are like be-
gonias, with full-blown nostrils,
their lips richly carved, and
they should have been painted
by Sargent, with arrogant heads
and affected hands, in white
satin with a bowl of white
peonies near by.

MISS GLADYS COOPER

A VERY beautiful young woman with magnificently chiselled nostrils and blonde hair parted in the centre was known by the photographs in every paper and on the hoardings as the "Erasmic Girl," the girl who advertised "a dainty soap for dainty folk." This same young woman also posed for Huntley & Palmer's Breakfast biscuits in a dressing-gown; she was photographed on a Beeston Humber bicycle and in a kilt and tam-o'-shanter. In the *Sketch Supplement*, when Marcus Stone paintings were imitated by photography, she appeared many times in the "Art" section, posing perhaps as April, May or June in "The sweet months of the year series"; as one of the flowers in the very faked "Beauty's Bouquet"; and as a butterfly sitting on top of a misty world. She was photographed holding irises and broken pitchers and other properties belonging to the photographer's studio, and as a sleep walker, "Sleep, sweet sleep," she shut eyes and a mob cap in a

This young lady's face became under the photographs, the name Gladys Cooper," and after a every silversmith's window was features. Even to-day if you want will see this rather disconsolate almond nostrils, wide-eyed

Gladys Cooper was a romantic-wisps of flaxen hair curled at the her hair was already "up." She she did not seem to pose for her abandon of Miss Ivy Close and most of her contemporaries in the silver frames. She was evidently rather bored by the process of being photographed, or else she was incompetent to look "pleasant" with great conviction. The results were refreshingly unusual, tender and youthful; she was every lovely country girl in the cottage garden early in the morning when the dew is still upon the tea roses and the cabbage leaves.

Gladys Cooper's pictorial career has been one long triumph. In the paradisaical settings of *The Dollar Princess* she sat on a table, looking radiant, and swung her legs, as Sadie Von Tromp. Later, in a small but effective part in *Milestones* she was touchingly gentle, and all the picture postcard stands were full of her beauty as she appeared in a "Curtain-raiser" that took place in a realistically leafy wood. In *My Lady's Dress* her loveliness was wounding, and it was then for the first time that she showed she could also be sophisticatedly beautiful; never was anyone more ravishingly mondaine than she as a mannequin with her hair elaborately dressed, with fat spicurls at the ears, and wearing the magnificent dress which created so much trouble, the dress of gold tissues and lace and artificial flowers and sables. The most poignant moment in Maeterlinck's *The Betrothal* was when this unknown stranger unveiled her miraculous face; the vision of her, pale and dark-eyed with hair torn back from features cut out of marble, as *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, will ever be with those that saw her.



THE ERASMIC GIRL

was seen with outstretched arms, moonlit lane.

extremely well known, and soon, was credited "Posed by Miss time every photograph frame in filled with her delicately plump to purchase a silver frame you blonde with the sullen mouth, at the prospect of the future. looking flapper; little untidy nape of her neck, even though was not a bit "actressy," and photographs with the theatrical

To-day Miss Cooper looks almost as young as ever, her hair is like a child's in a perambulator, short and untidy, deep gold interrupted with pale gold strands looking bleached by the sun ; but, nevertheless, her looks have altered very considerably since the ingenuous days of the silver frames, for she is now exotically domesticated, sophisticatedly wifely, stagey yet conventional, artificially tomboyish, in every way a subtle paradox, a sensation in a minor key. Her nose has become more sensitive ; her nostrils, still gloriously carved, are uneven, blunt one side, flamboyantly horse-like the other. Her complexion is as fresh as a rosy ting of her eyes is she has a fine brow and sinuous movements of are vigorous and She is thinly muscular compasses, her hands white, her eyes melt- She is a radiant ish, at the same time above all she is so most natural idea of a is the popular con- wife as seen on a

Her beauty may not creative artists or to est, but she is perfect the countless imitation

valueless and dull. Off the stage her appearance is unstriking although completely victorious ; her clothes are the sort that anyone wears, but she wears them sooner than others. Her naturalness, or natural affectation, sometimes leads her astray, and her habit of squaring her mouth and thrusting back her chin, though it may feel nice, gives too nut-crackery an effect to look well, but even people who do not worship her rather defiant personality must admit that she is sculpturally flawless and one of the greatest and most deservedly popular classical beauties of her time.

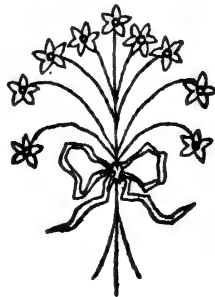


*"Eye, Eye, Sir,
A-peering through her fingers."*

A FASCINATING PORTRAIT OF MISS GLADYS
COOPER.

russet apple, the set-cavernous perfection, cheek bones, and the her large-boned body essentially youthful. and her legs move like are enormous and ingly periwinkle-blue. Amazon, slightly goat-milky and lily-like ; human that she is the beautiful woman. She ception of an ideal hoarding.

be the sort to inspire fire intellectual inter- of her sort, whereas Gladys Coopers are



ROSAMUND PINCHOT



IN Rosamund Pinchot we have a very magnificent beauty that all accept as such ; there is no quibbling and varying of opinions about her ; all agree that she conforms to every rule and that the result is perfection. She is really what is meant by the phrase " beautiful womanhood." She is tall, fair and radiant, her superb height is statuesque, she is a large Venus, generously built. Her hair is real gold, her features are chiselled with rhythmic precision, her complexion is alabaster, her cheeks are naturally rosy, her lips naturally scarlet. She is the triumph of Health, a proud and leonine Amazon with gentle eyes, blue and luxuriously lashed. Her hewn jaw, noble brow and sculptured neck are superb. She is like the female figure in a Michael Angelo carving, in a Rubens mural painting, in a Burne-Jones tempera or an etching by Charles Dana Gibson, and though she was utterly suited, in the Max Reinhardt productions, to the rich brocades of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the nun's robes of *The Miracle*, modern fashions might have been designed especially for her. She is the one exception to the general verdict that handsome women are not considered contemporary figures.

LADY ABDY



LADY ABDY AS HAMLET

LADY ABDY is a more exotic edition of her ; leonine large and pale, sullen with flowing ash hair and richly curving lips. Her movements are panther like, and in many other ways she resembles Greta Garbo.



NS BAHADU

Miss Rosamund Pinchot.



Miss Baba Beaton.

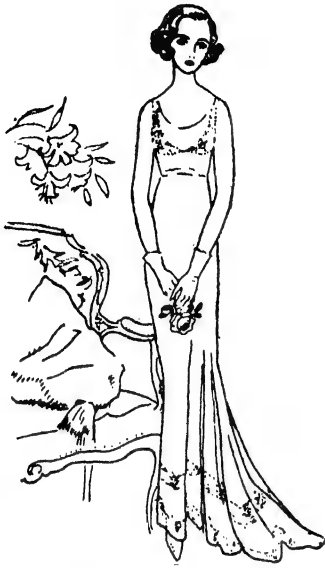
THE BEATON SISTERS

THE journalists are very nice about the Beaton sisters, whom they see when dressed up in their party dresses or pageant costumes, but I, seeing them at all times of the day, regard the fact that being their brother, and still considering them to be beautiful, is my justification for including them in my book. I see them, with their eyes still half-asleep, in dressing-gowns at breakfast, and in their night-gowns, with faces covered with cold cream before going to bed at night. I call up and see Nancy hanging over the staircase three flights above with her hair flopping over her face, and Baba I see leaning over a basin having



THE BEATON SISTERS

her hair washed, or like a Turkish lady with her head wrapped in a towel, and I become a plague to them with my inopportune excitement at wanting to get out, there and then, a pencil and notebook or Kodak camera. They are the most inspiring sisters to have, and they take on a new aspect on all sorts of unexpected occasions, and I am delighted to find them stimulatingly lovely in a quite new way when suddenly transformed into passengers on a Channel steamer, into shoppers in the village market, or into part of the crowd feeding the pigeons in St. Mark's Piazza. I am enthralled at the childish intentness and gaiety of Nancy when looking for a coral tiara in a curiosity shop, by the complexion that emerges from underneath the water after she has fallen off an aquaplane board, by her dazzling blondness when, like a Gainsborough, writing her diary on a haystack. Baba is too wise to be young, and has the repose of archaic sculpture. She is like a Giotto painting with her classical features and limp spun hair like a mediæval page's, and though she is diminutively proportioned, with small pointed breasts, her little figure is so elongated that, on her, materials fall in vertical folds like the flutings on a Grecian column. I did not know that anyone could look so liltingly lyrical in a bathing costume as she. I stare a lot,



MISS BABA BEATON

watching the varying lights of day and night upon them. I see new unsuspected qualities in Baba as she sits against the lamp or by the light of the fire, and surreptitiously from the corner of my eye I notice Nancy looking quite different in a luminous effect of reflected light at the theatre. She is sitting with her head on one side, hands compact and complacently folded, looking like a very new doll, tied with crisp bows, freshly taken out of a bandbox, with her bright pink cheeks, round chin and retroussée nose; her features look as though they are blown or wished on to the china complexion. I am charmed and pay little more attention to the play.

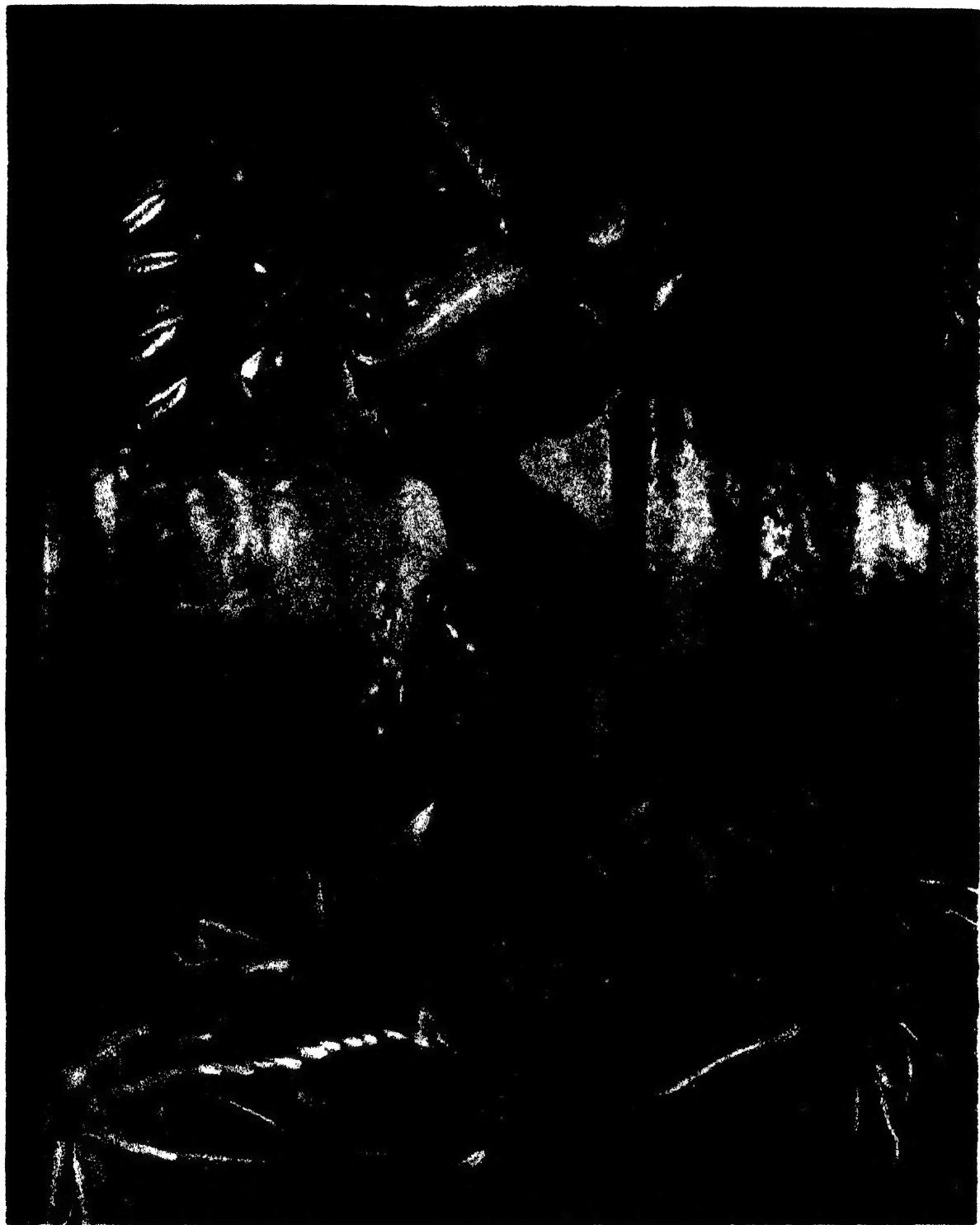
But enough of this, for would I not feel the same if I happened to be the brother of Lady Anne Wellesley, Lady Georgina Curzon, Mrs. Ronald Balfour, or any of the exquisite creatures one sees?



MRS. RONALD BALFOUR
(formerly MISS DEIRDRE
HART-DAVIS)



MISS NANCY BEATON



Miss Nancy Beaton.



*The Lady Georgiana Curzon. Miss Deirdre Hart-Davis.
The Lady Anne Wellesley and Miss Nancy Beaton.*

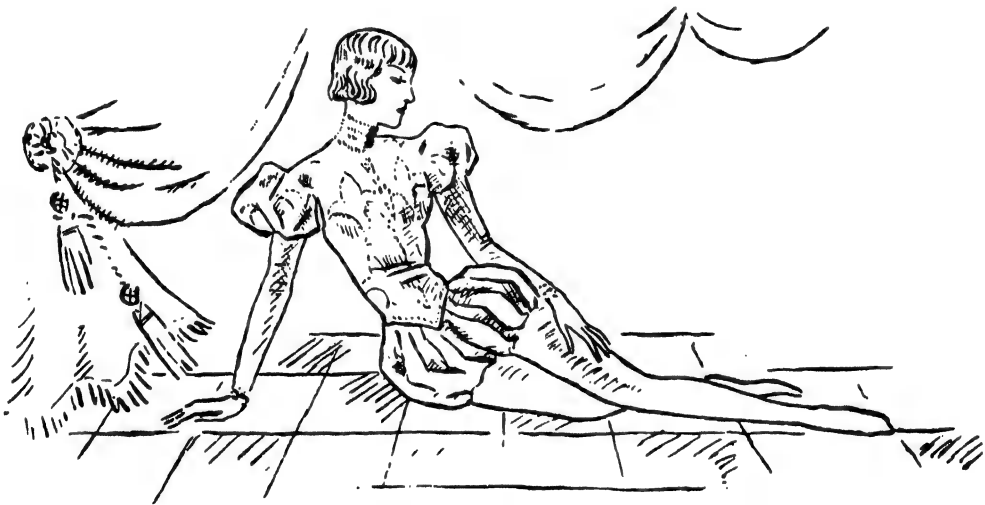


The Jungman Sisters.
M^{rs} Arthur James and Miss Jungman.

THE JUNGMAN SISTERS

THE Jungman sisters are a pair of decadent 18th-century angels made of wax, exhibited at Madame Tussaud's before the fire. Baby is particularly waxy, and like a white gloxinia, with her Devonshire cream pallor and limpid mauve eyes. She has a waxen buttony nose and buttony lips, and her hair, spun of the flimsiest canary-bird silkiness, has a habit of falling lankly over her eyes, whence it is thrown back with a beguiling shrug of the head. Zita has the same smooth polished complexion and shoulders, and unearthly hollow voice, but she has a serpent-like little nose and there is great architectural strength and firmness about her jaw and mouth.

With her smooth fringes and rather flat head, like a silky coconut, like a mediæval page, and with her swinging gait, she looks very gallant, very princely. But she can, if she wishes, easily become a snake-like beauty, with a mysterious smile and a cold glint in her upward slanting eyes, though it is more than likely that she will impersonate to perfection a charming village maiden laughing deliciously up an apple tree. Osbert Sitwell says of her classical, transparent beauty that it takes the spectator back to the realms painted on walls and ceilings of Venetian palaces, where gods and shepherdesses are depicted sitting on clouds.



MRS. ARTHUR JAMES
(formerly MISS ZITA JUNGMAN) as ROMEO

MISS EDITH SITWELL

THAT mysterious figure in the mediæval brocades, with the rocks of amber around her neck, and the huge jewels on the long claw-like hands, is the cause of all the gossip, the nudging and furtive stares. "She is Edith Sitwell, the poet," the whisper, in awed tones, goes its round, and the gaping that follows is as though it were directed at an unearthly being, at some supernatural duck.

Miss Edith Sitwell does not conform to the night club fashion rules, and she could not, if she would, wear Chanel dresses and be seen dancing at the Embassy Club, but, in her own world, her world of poetry, she is utterly perfect. She is an inspiration to all artists, some of whom see her as a Gothic saint with carven fingers, as a dim figure in flowing draperies woven into some romantic tapestry, others as an over-grown schoolgirl wearing pantalettes at an early Victorian party or as an encrusted valentine in her butterflyed brocades walking by the herbaceous border. Some even see her as an 18th-century *élégante* in her turban, drinking coffee in the tall yellow bed, or as a Longhi marchesa in mask and tricorne, stepping from her gondola. In all guises she is an outstandingly beautiful object, æsthetically flawless, with her profile as lyrical as a waterfall and as delicate as a fountain spray. She is gaunt as a rock, and her tall silhouette is slightly formidable, but she is as brittle as a stick of barley sugar, and so spectrally thin that one can almost see the light through her: and she is too gay and human to be frightening. Oh! what subtle gaiety there is in those upward-glancing, secretive eyes, what precision and dignity in that small space occupied by the thin-lipped mouth!

Her brother Osbert writes of "her pale and legendary face and Gothic fingers so pointed thin," and she describes her body as "flat and strange, eyes pale, straight hair," making her appear as though she "had been drowned."

With her eyebrows like tapering mouse-tails, with the little pale-blue veins at the temples of her noble tissue-paper forehead, with her wrists the most delicate stems, she possesses the mad moon-struck ethereality of a ghost. Indeed, a rare treasure this, as rare as the Unicorn.





Miss Edith Sitwell.

MRS. VIRGINIA WOOLF



MRS. VIRGINIA WOOLF is one of the most gravely distinguished-looking women I have ever seen. In her we do not find the conventional pink cheeks and liquid eyes and childish lips. Although she would look like a terrified ghost in an assembly of the accepted raving beauties, she would make each one separately appear vulgar and tawdry in comparison with her. She has all the chaste and sombre beauty of village schoolmistresses, housekeepers, and nuns, and one cannot imagine her being powdered and painted: the mere knowledge that *maquillage* exists is disturbing in connection with her, for when one sees her so sensitively nervous and with the poignant beauty of the lady in the faded photograph in the oval frame, the lady who is one's grandmother as a girl, one realises that a face can be a reverend and sacred thing. Her fine skin is parchment-coloured, she has timid startled eyes, set deep, a sharp bird-like nose and firm pursed

lips. Her lank hair and aristocratic wrists are of a supreme delicacy, and one imagines her spending eternities of dreamy leisure sewing and gazing out of the window. She wears cameo brooches and cotton gloves, and hatpins, and exudes an atmosphere of musk and old lace and the rustle and scratch of stiff ivy-coloured taffeta, but her old-fashioned dowdinesses are but a conscious and literary game of pretence, for she is alertly contemporary, even a little ahead of her time. Many of her confrères see her as a Juno, awe-inspiring and gaunt, but she herself is frightened, a bundle of tentative gestures, and quick nervous glances, as frail and crisp as a dead leaf; and like a sea-anemone she curls up at contact with the outer world.

Perhaps to conjure up to you this most rare and interesting being it is best to quote her own penetrating descriptions of that charming and so easily recognisable creature that appears under different names in each of her books. As with Mrs. Dalloway, so with Mrs. Woolf, "there is a touch of the bird about her, of the jay – blue-green, light, vivacious – though she was over fifty and grown white since her illness"; and it was Mrs. Woolf too who "pursed her lips when she looked in the glass, to give her face point; that was herself – pointed, dart-like, definite," or was "seated on the edge of a brass-bound table, looking uncommonly like a seagull, with her white tapered body and thin alert face." And Mrs. Ambrose of *The Voyage Out* and Mrs. Woolf are obviously one, for "tall, large-eyed, draped in purple shawls, Mrs. Ambrose was romantic and youthful, not perhaps sympathetic, for her eyes looked straight and considered what they saw. Her face was much warmer than a Greek face; on the other hand, it was much bolder than the face of the usual pretty English woman." These descriptions too, from *Jacob's Room*, apply to Mrs. Woolf: "Her vivacity had left her. Her hawk nose was thin as a bleached bone through which you could almost see the light. Her hands, lying on the reins in her lap, were firm even in repose. The upper lip was cut so

short that it raised itself almost in a sneer from the front teeth." "A discriminatin, nose she has for scents, prolonged, as if in quest of them; her underlip protruded narrow red shelf."





Lady Lavery.

LADY LAVERY

MISS HAZEL MARTIN, Mrs. Trudeau, Lady Lavery. What a beauty! A strange and curiously fawn-like being, a wild animal from the woods, dressed artistically as a "Society lady"; and happily her rare loveliness is preserved for future generations to pore and wonder over in the photographs taken by Mr. Hoppé, in her own feminine sketches of herself, and in her husband's portraits, *Hazel in rose and gold*, *Hazel in black and gold*, *Hazel looking at an Aeroplane*, *Hazel at the Wharf*, *The Silver Turban*, *The Gold Turban*, *The Yellow Bed*, *The Silver Swan*, *The Red Rose*.

She is the perfect artist's wife, the ideal to which every other artist's wife strives to soar, a living inspiration with her sensitive personality and eerie, unworldly-looking pervading an atmosphere of like a dryad of the wood, be an excellent producer of how and when to be at her dryad should be a first-rate is so; how well Lady Lavery furs and muffs and braid in trimmed with lace, and And how well they suit her! wife she scorns the fashion-Street jeweller: she plots and seamstress around the corner last year's organdie or that result is a revelation. Her literary, very personable and and shrill shrimp or japonica-and fuchsia colourings. colour scheme of scarlet and writers, and surely she has



AN EARLY PORTRAIT

Lady of the Orchids," for this most romantic, rather pagan beauty is never without their quivering blooms pinned by an old-fashioned paste brooch to her bosom. "I opened a fresh box and these came out," and she smiles her tentative smile. But orchids are not really her flowers—she should be wreathed with the woodbine and garlanded with jasmine.

It is strange that gossip writers should write about a Greek nymph just as they do about Society ladies, and yet, since this elusive, rather crazy-looking soul very often makes public appearances, they write pæans of praise about her. I cannot accustom myself to thinking of her as being in place in a galaxy of professional beauties, yet she competes victoriously, with her beauty and with her skill, and even before the War, when fancy-dress costumes were less elaborate and ingenious than they are to-day, hers were a triumph. Look at

mysterious, russety beauty, charming taste. She is an creature with a haunted look, mystery and sadness; she is but a dryad who happens to herself, who knows so well best. It is strange that a dresser-up, but in this case it appreciates gloves and rich winter, and garden-party hats muslin crinolines in summer! In common with every artist's able dressmaker and the Bond plans with the humble about what to make out of old length of tartan, and the taste in colourings is rather slightly unusual—pale mauve pink she likes, and oyster-grey "Lady Lavery wore a daring magenta," say the gossip been called by them "The

the Hoppé photographs, and you will see that she was an amazingly realistic Bouguereau Madonna, a glorious Byzantine Madonna, a Florentine lady, much bejewelled in ecclesiastical brocades ; but she scored her greatest success at the Picture Ball in 1914, when she appeared, with gold metal wig and draperies wired to flow, as Flora from Botticelli's *Primavera*.

She has posed as Emma Hamilton, Circe, a Rembrandt angel, Ireland, and she is the peasant in the shawl against the Dublin mountains on the Irish Free State note. But whether she is Lady Hamilton, a Madonna, or the witty lady with the tulle around her shoulders at the supper table in the flashlight photograph, she is first and foremost Lady Lavery, the possessor of that strikingly Gaelic and easily recognisable mask, that goatish Luini mask, with the ravishingly chiselled, rabbit nose, ruby lips cloven in a pout, wistful hare eyes, pink lids and startled eyebrows. The cutting of her features is perfection, the proportions architectural, her complexion like white china, her cheeks like the fire through china, her hair bright red, and with her preference for lipstick and powder she is like a very sophisticated squirrel. Not only is she a very charming



AS PRIMAVERA

feminine boon and sop to life with her Edwardian affectations, her love of gloves and veils and ostrich plumes, her elegant hand-writing, charming drawings, boudoir filled with knick-knacks, tuberose and orchids, but she is different from the other beauties – isolated, melancholy, wise – a rare and romantic being.



Miss Tallulah Bankhead.

MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD

TALLULAH BANKHEAD is a wicked archangel with her flowing ash-blonde hair and carven features. Her profile is perfect Grecian, the flow of line from forehead to nose like that of a head on a medallion. Her eyelashes, like a spreading peacock's tail, weigh down the lids over her enormous snake-like eyes. She is Medusa, very exotic, with a glorious skull, high pumice-stone cheek bones, and broad brow, and she was equally interesting sculpturally when she was plump as she is now that she is cadaverously thin. Hers is the most easily recognisable face I know, and it is the most luscious: accentuated by the superfluity of make-up – for this silver-blonde's *maquillage* is done in a most baroque manner – the effect is one of rich gorgeousness. Miss Bankhead's cheeks are like huge acid-pink peonies, her eyelashes are built out with hot liquid paint to look like burnt matches, and her sullen, discontented, rather evil, rosebud of a mouth is painted the brightest scarlet and is as shiny as Tiptree's strawberry jam.



THE FRENCH SISTERS

(Mrs. Drury and Miss Valerie French)

“SUGAR and spice and all that’s nice” – that’s what the French sisters are made of. They are like a tray of delicious sweets, *petits fours*, young ladies with the cool delicacy of children, adorned with shiny satin ribbons, unreal roses and butterfly brooches, carrying with them wherever they go an aura of flowery fragrances, roseate raptures and frolics on swings in apple-blossom orchards. With their pink-and-white iced-cake complexions, teeth of pearly shells, their girlish coyness, demure demeanour and Victorian affectations, they are living valentines; they are the beings who closest resemble to-day the dimpled dolls with coral lips and liquid eyes of the original Victorian beauty books. They are the most feminine things, of an almost incredible prettiness with their slender marble arms and necks: Essex, pink and white, with raven hair, as silky as a spaniel’s, and star-like periwinkle eyes, is the most graceful in movement: Valerie, pink and white like sugar-coated almonds, with slow, brown eyes and pale corn-coloured hair, has the more flawless face. Her nose is perfection.

They are an unmodern pair of sisters, of a picture-calendar loveliness, a triumph of the chocolate box: it is easy to look interesting, and so difficult to be triumphantly pretty. They are very English, and when for a time, in chintz aprons, they sold flowers in Nellie Taylor’s olde worlde shoppe, every young man entering to buy a gardenia or a bunch of mignonette thought himself suddenly transported to the celestial regions, to a heaven designed in all its wholehearted prettiness by Maud Goodman.



THE FRENCH SISTERS



Miss Lilian Gish.

MISS LILIAN GISH

MISS LILIAN GISH is demure and apple blossomy, but too cottagey to wear diamond brooches ; she is a strange little spinster with her shawls and gloves, absurd prim picture-hats and eager attentiveness. She is a divinely pretty little toy, an expensive doll made of the best-quality porcelain, with teeth of seed pearls and hair spun from a spider's web, little flat doll-like bosom and thin waist ; she is even doll-like in movement, with short, sharp gestures. She, more than anyone, should have been painted by Ambrose McEvoy, for though she is an ethereal waif, there is great strength and firmness beneath her extreme fragility. She is a magnificent actress in spite of her frail delicacy, and we are amazed that this heavenly-looking wraith is made of flesh and blood and is capable of acting, and of great acting. For she creates gigantic effects with the minimum effort : pear-shaped tears fall from large glass-blue eyes, her doll's hand is thrust into a quivering, crumpled mouth. Her performances in the historic *Birth of a Nation*, in *Broken Blossoms*, *Orphans of the Storm*, *The White Sister* and as Mimi, and in the other pantomimes of the old silent-film days, were so deft and sure that one was flayed by her helpless poignancy and tragic winsomeness.

Lilian Gish is an uncommonly lovely paradox. It is extraordinary that so unexpected and frail a blossom should flourish in Hollywood films of bedcots and gingham, where films are generally of spangles and peroxide, and it is a pleasing contradiction that Lilian Gish, that demure little damsel, should be an actress – a lady with a face made-up with grease-paint – that she should have her eyelashes mascaraed and that a box of cosmetics and powder should be near by all the time she is being a nun, a most devout nun who wears a pair of high-heeled shoes underneath her long robes.

One of the most precious and inspiring beauties of her day, she is in no way significant or contemporary, for she is unique. Beside possessing rare, unearthly qualities that place her beyond mere æsthetic comparison, she is matchlessly proportioned, with arms and hands like slender plants.



AS MIMI

MISS MARION DAVIES

IN many ways Miss Marion Davies superficially resembles Miss Gish, with her large almond eyes, small mouth and complete egg-shaped face. They are both Greuzes, but

Miss Gish is a Jane Austen Greuze and Miss Davies a Hollywood Greuze, with her impossibly blonde curls and long, lush eyelashes. But, in spite of being a treasure of delicacy, Miss Davies is an all-hardiness; she is even after a three days' railway prepared to look her best might have been especially for it is impossible to take but her screen make-up is tender youthfulness; her private life is even more natural beauty I know, she her appearance and does her hair is recently dyed superficial alterations are screen, her simple, lettuce-She is nymph-like in her the slenderest of figures; pale, are more generously they have a wistful look weary of trying to raise

Her skin, slightly freckled, is luminously white, she has an urchin's nose, flat with minute nostrils, and a small mouth that can droop sadly and pathetically like a whimpering child's, but when laughing her face is the gayest thing, with demented eyebrows, screwed-up nose and eyes, dimples, and faultless, pearly teeth.



MISS MARION DAVIES
IN "THE GAY NINETIES" FILM

weather beauty of steel-like more refreshingly dewy journey than when she is on the screen. Her face designed for film purposes, a bad photograph of her, unsubtle and dims her natural loveliness in dazzling. She is the most pays but little attention to not care two hoots whether or not, and no matter what effected for the sake of the crisp beauty is unchanged. long-legged grace and has her eyes, liquid and glassy-wide apart than anyone's: of anxiety and the lids are the extravagant eyelashes.

MISS NORMA SHEARER

THE immaculate Miss Norma Shearer is the sleekest of the Hollywood beauties, and is considered in California to be the most elegantly lady-like. She is certainly the most carefully finished product in the world; the precise chiselling of her features is prodigious and her complexion of a smoothness beyond dreams. Her sparkling teeth are of an evenness and whiteness that are almost unnatural in their perfection, her nut-brown hair is of the softest silkiness, with never a strand straying out of place. She is so faultless as to look almost inhuman, but this rather soulless robot effect is counteracted to a small degree by the very slight astigmatism, the one flaw that is more of an attraction than a disadvantage, which, in fact, rather than the marring is the making of her.



Miss Marian Davies.



Miss Norma Shearer.



Miss Alice White.

MISS ALICE WHITE



IF Hollywood did not exist, we should have no Miss Alice White to-day, for it is that crazy metropolis which has given us this most perfect example of what the film studios intend by a super "cutie." Hollywood discovered that this rather mousy-looking little woman with the delicate proportions, with the small chin, stem-like neck, sloping shoulders and orange-stick legs, was an excellent photographic basis; and with all the fantastically vulgar imagination possible they did all they could to "glorify" Miss White, by plucking out her eyebrows, peroxidizing her hair, undressing her, and sticking mad tam-o'-shanters or plumed top hats on the side of her balloon head. Now, with her brown googoo eyes and perky pout she has become a real "tough Baby," a blonde babe in spangled tights, high-kicking at the night club with all the gaiety of a little gazelle. The final result for those millions who admire "cuties" is a "knock-out," a "wow," a ripping little 1930 Venus that has "guts," knows her "onions" and "how to strut her stuff."



MISS GRETA GARBO

A FEW years ago a pouting, sullen blonde could always be seen having lunch by herself in a film company's cafeteria in Hollywood. She could hardly speak a word of English, she hated nearly everybody, she was thoroughly miserable and looked it. She had only lately arrived in Hollywood and possessed two dresses, two hats, one set of underclothes and no friend. Her name was Greta Gustaffson - Garbo

for short. She was often by herself and lonely, she came from Sweden and, like many Swedes, was of an almost albino blondness with pale eyelashes; her hair was tousled, she showed no signs of being *soignée*, but she photographed well and the company would use her for publicity pictures, posing in grotesque situations and clothes, and absurd animals belonging to the property man's paraphernalia would come in useful to make a "stunning" caption. In the photographs this young woman possessed a rare, eerie quality, and soon she improved her appearance a hundredfold by painting her face in a very definite and unusual, though to her very becoming, way, with the eyelids blackened heavily and the brows plucked in the shape of a butterfly's antennæ. She looked like some pale being that belongs beneath the water, some ephemeral sprite or naiad to be seen for one fleeting glimpse in a greenish, unearthly



AS CAVALLINI IN "ROMANCE"

light, with flowing, waving hair, holding cornucopias of shiny shells.

To-day this young woman - The Garbo, as she is known - is the most glamorous figure in the whole world; there is no one with a more magnetic, romantic or exotic personality, there never has been a film star with so wide an appeal, her vogue is greater even than that of Mary Pickford when she was "The World's Sweetheart." Though Garbo has been seen in the flesh by only a few hundred people, millions are her frenzied admirers; she makes three new films a year and each is a sensation; huge boxes of orchids are sent to her daily by dozens of



complete strangers ; all the beauties of to-day admire her, most of them copy her ; they grow their hair like hers, they try to paint their faces in the way she does. Greta Garbo is Queen of Hollywood, her salary is fabulous, her word law. She has pointed features in a round face, her mouth is wide and knife-like. Her teeth are large and square and like evenly matched pearls ; her eyes



“THE WORLD’S
SWEETHEART”

are pale, with lashes so long that when she lowers her lids they strike her cheeks ; her complexion is of an unearthly whiteness and so delicate that she looks to have one layer of skin less than

other people, and the suspicion of a frown is sooner perceptible. Her sinuous movements are panther-like, mermaid-like, and though she is tall, with massive arms, hands and legs, she is an ethereal wraith. How mysteriously beautiful she was as the pale orphan in her first big rôle in the German film *Joyless Street*. Surely there never has been such beauty before. She was like a rare, white convolvulus, and her acting was so simple and poignantly touching that one wondered why no other actress had been able to act like that before ; her smile seemed so spontaneous and candid that it looked easy to smile like that.

Hollywood then claimed her and discovered that she could be the world’s most voluptuous lover, that she could kiss better than anyone else, and possessed more sex appeal ; and they made a vampire of her and dressed her up in tight clinging garments “revealing every line of the figure,” in tall Elizabethan collars, and with her hair piled in mountains of fuzzy curls. She appeared in such films as *The Flesh and the Devil*, *The Temptress*, *Love*, *The Kiss*, *A Woman of Affairs*, *The Mysterious Lady*. The young officer, in Ruritanian uniform and wearing gloves, would bow formally and kiss her hand ; they would look at one another with half-shut eyes, half-opened mouths and trembling nostrils ; and this would lead to close-ups of smouldering embraces.

And then Garbo, for her first talking picture, discarded the enigmatic finery, put a comb through her hair, and slouched resentfully in the rain as Anna Christie, frowning with pained nostrils and mouth, smelling a smell of which we were not aware, and in the stark, relentless light on the coal barge we noticed that her beauty was deeper than we had thought possible, that the bone construction and carving were proof against all methods of photography and lighting. And now, at the zenith of her fame and beauty, she appears in all the bewitching trappings of Madame Cavallini in *Romance*. Oh ! the unutterable beauty of that strange, morbid white face with the so unexpected dark eyelashes, the blonde ringlets, the perky little hat like a boat, and the sombre dignified rhythms of the black velvet crinoline ! She raises her eyebrows at the corners and smiles with half-shut eyes at our delight and excitement, for she is not stirred by any enthusiasm from her mysterious caves : Cavallini, Anna Christie, the galaxy of provocative houris that she has been, are of no importance to her. Her whole film

career is but a passing phase in her existence, which one feels began and will end with tin itself. With her slightly insane look, eyes that are thinking strange thoughts, and weak smile, she is Leonardo's Gioconda, a clairvoyant who, possessed of a secret wisdom, knows and sees all.





M^{rs} Vernon Castle.

MRS. VERNON CASTLE

IF one person is responsible for the appearance of the modern young lady of fashion whom we admire so much to-day, it is certainly Mrs. Vernon Castle, who was the first* to cut her hair into the curly locks of a bob, who loosened hobble skirts with her voluminous chiffons and long flowing sleeves, and who, with her boyish figure, tight waist, sloping torso and arrow-like legs, discovered a new grace and fluid elegance so fresh and attractive that in comparison classical beauties were considered stolid and lifeless. Her system of movement, her new flow of line, with protruding stomach, arched back, raised shoulder and lowered chin, swept through Europe like a hurricane; and if it had not been for Mrs. Castle, "June" and so many other delightful sylphs would never have existed. Many months were spent acquiring the Mrs. Vernon Castle stance; for years her choirboy look of the eyes was worn and her gay child's smile smiled; and following her lead, hair was cut shorter still and called shingled, bodies became emaciated, the post-war beauties developed and flourished, and for some time we admired pancake figures and ladies who smoked cigarettes rather than ate, and used superlatives in affected, baby voices. But now we are returning to a taste for extreme elegance, slightly pointed breasts, and flowing lines, and once again Mrs. Vernon Castle's appeal is magical, with her brittle delicacy and wispy chic, her taut precision and thistle-down gracefulness.



Those who have seen her dance have been blessed, for she is a miracle that happens only once in a lifetime. She is not strictly beautiful; her angelic face is also as wicked as a marmoset's, but it is impossible to take a bad photograph of her, for her bone construction is flawless, with buttony nose and high cheek bones. These details do not matter, for anyone who has seen her knows that she possesses a rare imagination that makes her unique. She diffuses a precious atmosphere of gaiety, fragility and eternal youth, of flutes and pipes and gazelles leaping in the spring-time; but she is also mondaine, with her pale mauve chiffons, manicured nails and buckled, pointed shoes. Her success has been sensational, her influence great, and she is one of the most enchanting souvenirs of an epoch for which she was in so many ways responsible.

* Mrs. Vernon Castle cut her hair herself and still boasts that she has never been to a hairdresser.



MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE is a charming latest edition of Mrs. Vernon Castle, and has the same lilting movements of limbs and hands, the same delicious facial affectations, and both have contrastingly round, chubby faces on long thin bodies. But there is a dancing-mistress precision about Mrs. Vernon Castle which is lacking in the more casual grace of Miss Lawrence, whose torso-less, loose limbed figure looks to possess the *élan* and spontaneity of movement that ordinary human beings are conscious of acquiring only directly after a long hot bath. Miss Lawrence has a nose that is rounded *en face* and pointedly *retroussée en profile*, her lips are like cherries, and she has a fascinating habit, that goes with pout or smile, of closing her eyes upwards.





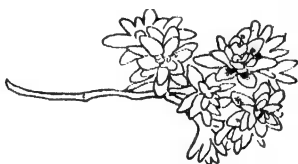
The Lady Pamela Smith.

THE LADIES ELEANOR AND PAMELA SMITH

THE LADIES ELEANOR AND PAMELA SMITH are both woodland creatures, elfin and puckish, with their lowered chins, berry-brown complexions and the dark eyes of wild animals. Pamela is like the little Robinetta of Sir Joshua Reynolds with the thrush on her raised shoulder. Eleanor is like Leonardo's John the Baptist. With black hair and scarlet beads, they seem just to have emerged from a garishly coloured caravan, they look to have the wisdom of gypsy children and their over-the-shoulder glances are as fleetingly nervous.



LADY ELEANOR SMITH

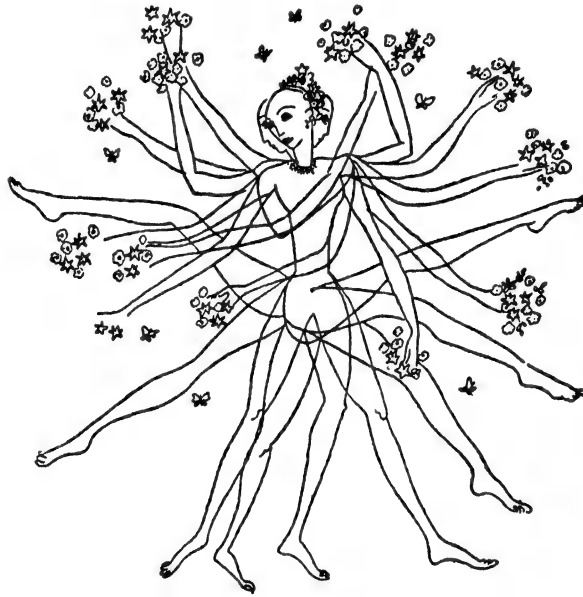


The Hon^{ble}. MRS. REGINALD FELLOWES

MRS. REGINALD FELLOWES inspires more talk and interest than any other beauty to-day. "She cannot hold a candle to Paula or Mary," they may say; "her nose is too broad," and they remember having seen her on an "off day," "when she did not look at all well"; but if the door is opened and the willowy Mrs. Fellowes swishes in, all eyes are upon her and she completely vanquishes any other beauty who may be unfortunate enough to be present. For the truth is that not only is Mrs. Fellowes a great beauty—her features are Madonna-like—but she creates an atmosphere wherever she is that is full of triumph. Her movements are poems, she never makes an unlovely gesture, her walk is like a greyhound's with long, swinging steps, and the elegance of her long arms and thin wrists is supreme. Her face has great sculptural beauty, with a fine width of brow and high cheek bones; she is a Byzantine doll with rather archaic features, and at the same time exceedingly pretty, with glistening lips, pearly teeth and sparkling eyes; and there is not a living woman with more natural, inborn chic. She is the spirit that inspires *Vogue* magazine. She is a versatile beauty, generally dressed in the nattiest suitings with the conventional Cartier jewellery, or an Ouida heroine, speaking in enigmatic, musical tones, with tuberose, parasol, clinging draperies and trailing furbelows, but she is equally effective on a yacht on the Riviera, disguised as a *gamin* with her smooth hair ringleted "in artistic disorder," and with her narrow hips encased in short pants sprouting long stork-like legs. She has a theatrical or literary genius for stage-managing her settings to perfection: when everyone else is scorching in the sun she manages to be seen cucumber cool under the trees like a cinematograph leading-lady, surrounded by attentive young men. She makes even a hotel sitting-room a romantic bower. She indulges very successfully in old-fashioned gestures, and with a stroke of genius, like the heroine in a novelette, will write a charming poem, will pick up a flower (there is always a bowl of gardenias near by) and put it behind her ear or in her mouth. Unlike so many beauties, she uses her more than efficient brain whereby to gain her effects and indulges spontaneously in unexpected



but quite legitimate frivolities. When people are proudly parading their latest finery, Mrs. Fellowes will look better than any in workman's dungarees, with chewing gum in the mouth, and when least expected she will wear a ridiculous and charming Lancet hat, which she has spent the morning in trimming herself, with butterflies, bunches of roses and bows. When she presented her flawlessly lovely daughter at Court, instead of wearing white with the conventional white feathers like all the other mothers present, she wore black plumes and tulle, and a black and silver *Merry Widow* costume, and the result was most daringly and triumphantly spectacular. All these idiosyncrasies send her jealous friends into frenzies of envy, but when she determines that her rôle shall be a conventional one, she plays it with more formal distinction than any.



MISS TILLY LOSCH

TILLY LOSCH, the Viennese dancer, is doll-like and exquisitely prim and coy like a shy child with neat out-turned toes, in a party dress tied with bows, in a Victorian scrap book. She is deliciously kittenish and abundant with Viennese charm, and her complexion is of a quality that is astonishing; she is rather Gish-like in her demureness, and she pouts, lowers her eyelids and raises her eyebrows superciliously when the band is playing a Strauss waltz, but when the music changes she can become suddenly wildly primitive, her silky, sausagey curls become disordered, her half-closed eyes stare cruelly, and you notice that she has high Slavic cheek bones and large sensual mouth.



MISS TILLY LOSCH

THE VICOMTESSE DE JANZÉ

MADAME JANZÉ possesses many of the same qualities and the two resemble one another not a little. Madame de Janzé, too, has huge, glass-green, catlike eyes, knobbly nose, high cheek bones, full curving lips and flat round skull. She, also, has a precise and grave manner of speech, with rather affectedly demure movements of pursed plump lips and lowered chin – added to which she has the strange and tragic beauty of a tamed wild animal.



THE
VICOMTESSE DE JANZÉ

MISS MARJORIE OELRICHS

MISS MARJORIE OELRICHS is like a one more completely convincingly she is an exceedingly hair combed straight like a boy's, clothes; but with her wan and polished nose and scarlet mouth the delicate in spite of her sable tippet, one visment of scarlet and pink water lilies



MISS
MARJORIE
OELRICHS

Chinese print, for though there is no tional she is strikingly exotic. Osten- "smart" young lady with blonde and wearing exceptionally fashionable complexion, Chinese eyes, bird-like and intricate pattern is complete, and, ualises her in an elaborate arrange- and turquoise blue sky.



Miss Tilly Losch.

MRS. GORDON BECKLES WILSON



UNDINE

MRS. GORDON BECKLES WILSON is Undine with her mischievous eyes, treacherous smile, and lank gold hair; but there are no grey fronds of weed about her, and with her scarlet beret and stockingless legs she is an Undine dressed by Chanel and painted by Augustus John. She is perfectly proportioned to the diminutiveness of modern measurements with the large crown of her head, and the neck that is but an attenuated trifle. She is infinitely photogenic, and with her strangely eerie personality, infantile incompetency, with her petal loose lips, pale china voice, this sprite, if she could be enticed to a cinematograph studio for a test, would surely be imprisoned to become the ideal film actress.

MRS. HARRISON WILLIAMS

MRS. HARRISON WILLIAMS is the most subtle beauty I have ever seen in America. Her face is an unending delight to watch, for not only is it an interesting combination of various perfect textures (her complexion has the sheen of Carrara marble, her eyes are of sparkling liquidity, her hair is powdered grey snakes), but it is of infinite variety of expression, even though the features strike one as being relentlessly rigid. Though her nose is a small hatchet, her mouth protruding and Egyptian, her chin and high cheek bones hard and monkey-like, she can be mistaken on different occasions for an angelic cupid, for a wild fawn-like creature, for Robin Hood, for an Aubrey Beardsley angel with spiral curls, and for the radiant summery lady drinking lemonade through a straw on the posters. Her enormous pale eyes are rather mad-looking, imprisoned in a formal head like that of a Greek carving. Her figure is poetical, her hands, so white and long and square, are unique. She is a disturbing paradox, for she is equally arresting when she is disguised as the completely conventional "lady of fashion" and when she is discovered wild-eyed and arboreally exotic. She is one of New York's most imaginative, stimulating and inspiring *objets d'art*, and not to have seen her and appreciated her unusual pictorial qualities is not to have lived fully.



MRS. HARRISON WILLIAMS

THE RUTHVEN TWINS



THE RUTHVEN TWINS are a most striking pair, always identically dressed; even to the brass necklaces, they are indistinguishable from one another. Richly carved with large full mouths, high cheek bones, and knobbly noses, they are as decorative as a pair of Assyrian rams. They are Byzantine goddesses, dressed like fairies in a circus design by Picasso, with their dark locks tied with little tinsel bows, their spangled ballet-skirts, and low-heeled shoes.



*The Ruthven Twins,
The Honble. M^{rs} John Leighton Barran and
The Honble. Margaret Hore-Ruthven.*



The Marquise de Casa Maury.

THE MARQUISE DE CASA MAURY

ONCE upon a time someone hoicked down from a tree a good-looking tomboy, with gold hair and mushroom-coloured skin around the eyes, and decided that she would be one of the greatest beauties of her time. That was several years ago, and sure enough the tomboy chrysalised into the being known as "the Gellibrand," the sophisticated beauty, the hot-house specimen who wore mediæval garments, and who moved instinctively in slow motion, about whom the whole town was talking.

"The Gellibrand" was painted by Augustus John, she was seen at every ball and appeared in Society pageants in the form of a Grecian goddess, and as the months passed, her beauty became more exotically attenuated.

Now, whenever I scribble absent-mindedly in note-books, or on pieces of notepaper, envelopes, and table cloths, I find I have always drawn "the Gellibrand," the lady who, dressed as a nun with scarlet finger nails, married the Marquis de Casa Maury, and when I see her in fancy-dress costume, I cannot believe that I have not designed her myself, she is so exactly like my idea of what a beauty of to-day should be. If she had lived thirty years ago she would be criticised as being too thin, as having too high a forehead and too small a chin, but she is necessarily a beauty of to-day, when small chins are considered a sign of beauty and strength, and standards and fashions of beauty have changed. Her appearance is most striking, she is tall, her face is exotic, "showy" and yet delicate, and



THE MARQUISE DE CASA MAURY

to see anyone with so expressionless and placid a mask is always a joy, for a flesh and blood human who does not show signs of anguish or delight is a rare phenomenon. The abstract lines and contours of her face are faultless, she has the repose of Dobson's sculpture, the impassivity of Buddha, and she is very like a Japanese doll without its fringe, her head like a large egg on a stalk-like neck, her forehead bulbous and the back of her head like a football, the nape of her neck as small and curved as a child's. Her subtle nose is knotty, made up of little lumps, and yet it is pointed enough to counterbalance the ovals of her eyes. Eyes before have surely never been so large as hers: they are huge eggs lidded with mauve tulip petals, and one's own delve into the catacombs at the back of those shiny lids. Her livid, bloodless

hands are the most beautiful in the world, coloured parchment and bony, with square knuckles, her fingers are long cheese sticks ending in nails rouged to look like wounds, and she uses them, compact with thumb protruding like a cold chicken leg, in a way that is very fashionable, business-like rather than dainty; she never cocks her little finger and her four fingers stick together and look like a cartridge case or like the hands in archaic sculpture. Her small mouth, a butterfly stamped upon her face, looks completely useless except for kissing crucifixes and flowers. She stands like a mediæval Madonna with stomach slightly protruding, she is rather metallic and Crivellian, with long thin arms. She smokes cigarettes lazily, creating the effect that the exertion of the next puff will kill her. Her hair is copper-silk snakes, her complexion when sunburnt is Dutch cheese, she is meticulous with mascara, rouge and lipstick, and although the Marquise accepts the fact that she is a beauty and behaves as such – and indeed to ignore it would be but an affectation – this description may wrongly convey to you a conceited, arrogant and exotic Juno, a *femme fatale*, which indeed she is far from being: for she is in reality a *confidante*, but in a vampire's skin. For beauty's sake she should never smile her peculiarly ludicrous smile, but for humanity's sake she does and should, and there is no more reassuring or nicer smile.





Miss Clarita de Uruburu.

MRS. NADA RUFFER AND MISS URIBURU

HER sister, Mrs. Nada Ruffer, is a very pleasing exaggeration of her painted by any Parisian fashion-artist. She is taller, thinner, her nose is more pointed and her eyelashes are longer, her hands more claw-like, her hair more sleek; she is even more exaggeratedly chic. There is no one more inherently immaculate than Mrs. Ruffer, who is rather like a greyhound and at the same time the living embodiment of the conventionally smart lady drawn in *Vogue* magazine, the young married woman who languidly displays the latest whimsies of fashion while casually lighting a cigarette or sitting with crossed legs with a glass of Vichy water firmly clasped in a bony grip.



MRS. NADA RUFFER

MISS CLARITA DE URIBURU is a marionette edition of these two tall sisters, an exquisite puppet, five feet in height, delicately proportioned, and the texture of her complexion and hair is of a fineness that is unique. Her egg-shaped face looks to be made of polished marble, her corn-coloured hair is spun of the flimsiest silk, her cheeks are of a pink sweet-pea pinkness, her eyes, feathered with gigantic lashes, are enormous and of a firework brilliance, her nose is sharp and perky, her mouth a doll's mouth above a chin that is witty in its oval sparseness, and on her lips rouge possesses an added brilliance. Her hatpin-thin neck does not look as though it could balance the large crown of the head it carries, let alone the madly smart little hat of which there is surely not to be another to be seen in London. Miss Uriburu possesses the childish qualities of the *débutante* that she is, but dresses with the sophistication and slightly comic chic that only few middle-aged women acquire. She is one of our most important Venuses, for she is absolutely new, witty, pretty, and the result is ridiculously attractive.

THE POST-WAR BEAUTIES
MRS. DUDLEY WARD



MRS. DUDLEY WARD

MRS. DUDLEY WARD was the first post-war beauty, hitherto a completely unknown type, with a messenger-boy figure, shingled hair, flat chest and the rather pathetic delicacy of a Doctor Barnardo waif. In no other period would she have been considered lovely, but to-day her attractiveness, with her kid complexion, slightly hunched shoulders and minute waist sloping into minuter hips, seems to be so much more piercing than any academical beauty's in comparison with whom Mrs. Dudley Ward's features would seem irregular. But her face is a perfect whole, with supersensitive, greyhound's nose and slightly recoiling nostrils, with sparkling teeth and shiny lips, with high cheek bones delicately pinked, and with huge, blue, china eyes, which stare sadly and madly as though seeing nothing,

but in reality see everything. Hers is the most candid and good-natured face. She is vastly responsible for the era in which Venus, in her pinstripes and checks and large buttonholes, has the appearance, and all the ludicrous charm, of a male impersonator.

MISS ANITA LOOS

MISS ANITA LOOS is unique; there never has been anything like her before, there never will be again; she is an amazing specimen, so absolutely of her time, a cute little Venus that only twentieth-century New York could have produced, a



MISS ANITA LOOS

pocket Venus with a perfectly proportioned body on a Lilliputian scale, with a waist measurement of twenty inches and a hip measurement of thirty, with feet and legs that are uproariously diminutive. She is the most delicate little creature with her pursed lips and springing gait, sweet and pretty but sufficiently barbaric to be food for all sculptors, with her hard cheek bones, vivid, wicked, little Mongolian bead eyes, and large, full mouth. It is a mouth that stretches into a perfect laugh: very few mouths like hers laugh well, but her laugh is a revelation.

Here, indeed, is a new state of affairs – a Venus like the pertest child or most impertinent ventriloquist's doll, whose clothes, although not always fashionable, are of an audacious chic combined with a sense of humour, whose hairdressing is a triumph of modernity, is like that of an urchin playing in a backyard – with a difference. Here, if you please, is a Venus who wears sailor suits,

and chooses her clothes from the children's departments at the stores. But a Venus she is, for she possesses an attractiveness with which she has all the other beauties beat, and an appeal that is irresistible.

MISS ADELE ASTAIRE



MISS ADELE ASTAIRE

MISS ADELE ASTAIRE is equally primed with post-war attractiveness, and in many ways she and Miss Loos resemble one another with their American cuteness, wispy hair and fragile figures. The delicacy of Miss Astaire's thin little arms is amazing, her eyes also are slightly Mongolian, but they are lashless and look puffy with perpetual amusement over some subtle joke, and her mouth is made for the gayest laughter: the broadest grin widens into a seductively hilarious laugh. Neither of these two ladies is a beauty in the old sense of the word, but both are completely victorious in the age in which they live, and like their confrères, the other post-war beauties, they are the first people to prove that Venus gains rather than loses by looking slightly funny. All these new beauties, together with Mrs. Peter Thursby, Madame Lucien Lelong, Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald and Miss Uriburu, have certain qualities and attributes in common; their mouths are not small but their chins are, they have high cheek bones and large foreheads, and full crowns to their heads of smooth hair, and necks, arms and legs of a marionette thinness.



Miss Nancy Cunard.

LADY CUNARD



LADY CUNARD

She resembles a robot woman in a German film, but this inhuman effect is completely shattered by her voice, so full of humour, warm sympathy and human understanding.

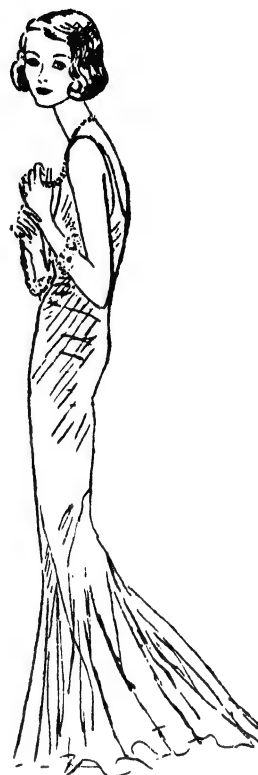
LADY CUNARD is a most exquisite canary-like little blonde with bird-beak sharp nose and vivid glass blue eyes rimmed with black. She is deliciously pretty in a Marie Laurencin way, petite, and with her hoppitty movements, perfect legs and sparrow-small feet she is of infinite delicacy. She is absolutely contemporary, no one can have looked like her before, her appearance is exactly what that of a gay intelligent hostess of to-day should be. Her daughter, Miss Nancy Cunard, has the same eyes, more exaggeratedly serpent-like and the effect is increased by her painting them heavily with a dark liquid pigment inside the sockets, as the Arab women do. Her appearance is very Egyptian, with Nefertiti's long upper lip and slightly pouting mouth, which she paints like a crimson scar across her face. Her hair is metal blonde, her cheek bones pronounced, her nose a little blunt and finely sensitive, her movements rhythmical.



MISS NANCY CUNARD

LADY ASHLEY

LADY ASHLEY in herself is the final justification for the young lady of fashion of 1930, with her tall, willowy figure, long Dresden-china neck and arms, and sloping shoulders. Her skin is smooth and polished, of a whiteness that is lily-like and immaculate; no photograph does her justice, for no photograph shows the colouring and texture of her beauty, by which she holds her position as one of the Venuses of to-day. Only she herself can reveal her pathetic delicacy and helplessness, her mild, childish lisp and naïve naturalness that are so beguiling. She has always been pretty, with starry, lidless, naked eyes, but only recently has she blossomed out into being dashingly chic; and although she abandons herself almost entirely to the conventional fashions of the moment, she tempers them to suit her magazine-cover prettiness and above them exudes a slight but potent personality of her own.



LADY ASHLEY



The Honble. M^{rs} Inigo Freeman-Thomas.

LADY DIANA COOPER



VIOLET, DUCHESS OF RUTLAND
(After Shannon)

"**M**ATER pulchra,
filia pulchrior."

Violet, Duchess of Rutland, is one of the most distinguished beauties of her day, and in her daughter, Lady Diana Cooper, we have one of the most dazzling creatures of all times, certainly the most lyrical specimen of humanity of our generation, and



LADY DIANA, 1908

Britain rightly claims her as one of its proudest possessions, for her fair beauty is considered a perfect English type. Lady Diana's fame is immortal, and her name will go down to history together with those of Helen, Cleopatra, Emma Hamilton, and all the other great goddesses of beauty. Most beauties are a type; Lady Ravensdale is a grand Roman Empress, the Marquise de Casa Maury is a decadent Borgia, Miss Edith Sitwell is a limpid Gothic saint, the raven-haired Mrs. Freeman-Thomas, with her fearless profile

and alabaster skin, is the Duchess of Towers drawn by Du Maurier, Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton is a wild-eyed bacchante, Baroness d'Erlanger a gorgeous Titian, Mrs. Beck a delightful Raeburn, Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell and her sister Lady Lindsay-Hogg are two comely Ingres, but Lady Diana is all the beauties in one, she is Diana, the fleet-footed Greek goddess, she is a petulant Botticelli Madonna, an arrogant Infanta, a pensive Charles II Court lady, a swooning Greuze, an immaculate Winterhalter lady-in-waiting, and she is the cool and fragrant débutante painted by McEvoy.

She was a divine cherub of a child that transformed itself into a heavenly-looking little girl, and those that saw her at Christmas parties were amazed; the newspapers were quick to forecast that she would be the most lovely débutante of 1909, and they were right, for, when she came out, her undiminished beauty was a sensation,



THE HONBLE. MRS. CHARLES
BAILLIE-HAMILTON



THE HONBLE. MRS.
INIGO FREEMAN-THOMAS

and it is still a matter for perpetual wonderment ; each time one sees her one receives a little stab of pleasure at finding her so unexpectedly effective. One remembered, perhaps, that her features were faultless, but one had forgotten that her chin curved down in such a way, and never could one be fully equipped against the stunning attack of her colouring, her snow-white skin, rose-petal cheeks, flaxen hair, and the sky-blue eyes with the wistful look of enquiry. She was pale, one remembered, and therefore she would not have dark,



MRS. SACHEVERELL
SITWELL

curling eyelashes, but when next one sees her, to one's amazement, one finds that she has. One stares spellbound at her nervous nose, and oh ! the forlorn droop of her lips ; lips so soft and round and lobster-coloured that one swoons at the thought of a kiss ! One is soaring blissfully through space when watching her deep-set, lucid eyes like a startled fawn's, and limning the perfect oval of contour from cheek to cheek. Her pendent chin, slightly receding, is chiselled and rounded.

Not only is she the most perfect foundation upon which to work, but she puts a natural endowment to such brilliant uses that with her genius for self-production, if she were not born beautiful, she could have made herself so by now. She sees with the sure and critical eye of an artist, she uses her quick intelligence and has the imagination and divine knack of creating a luxurious effect by fair or faked means. She can make any piece of material look what it is not, and on her it will fall in the folds of a Tanagra figure ; she has learnt from her mother the art of spontaneously finishing her appearance with a veil, scarf, brooch or knot, and she has acquired her mother's habit of being unable to resist picking flowers and pinning them to her bosom, and she generally chooses roses or carnations that match the colour of her cheeks. She wears only clothes that suit her to perfection, hardly ever the most fashionable clothes, but clothes that seem the best of all, bought in market-squares, the pick of voiles and shantungs off village stalls, and garden hats that cost a shilling. She wears at the Ritz Hotel raffia hats picked up in Venice, sombreros from Havana, or a cap made out of a Palm Beach coconut, and in all of these she is certain to be supreme.

The first time I saw her I gasped that anyone could be so serenely beautiful, I had not known that such a complexion was possible, and I did not realise that here was not only the most lovely young lady of fashion, but here also was a Greek dryad with the vine leaves and jasmine taken from her hair. She was not only an ethereal fawn-like sprite, but a saintly Madonna with melancholy eyes and a smile that was full of compassion. Here, indeed, was beauty incarnate.

Lady Diana's career cannot but be spectacular ; the excitement and



MISS IRIS TREE



The Lady Diana Cooper.

interest concerning her has never abated since her Coming Out Ball ; would she marry the Prince of Wales? She was photographed by all the photographers, she has been painted by almost every living artist of repute, and her mother has made an infinite number of charming reverent drawings of her, in nun's wimples, in Madonna's crowns, and river hats, and feathered toques. Whatever Lady Diana wore became the fashion, and she it is who is responsible that all the ladies at the Kit-Cat Club to-day wear bunches of flowers on their shoulders. She became the leader of the Bright Young Things of her period, the young ladies and gentlemen that called themselves "The Coterie." They were a very artistic group with Iris Tree and Nancy Cunard its most decorative members. They wrote poems and painted pictures, and Lady Diana wore a tricorne hat and cape ; hobble skirts came in and she hobbled with the rest, and she appeared publicly in pageants, and when it was necessary for Britannia to be impersonated she was chosen for the rôle. Then the War came and this goddess posed in patriotic cartoons and became a Red Cross nurse and swabbed floors and put her hands in hot water and soda ; and when the War was over she fell through a skylight, but her beauty remained intact. She recovered, and she married Mr. Duff Cooper. She made her wedding dress herself ; the streets of London were thronged for the occasion as though for a Coronation, and a photographer scored a great scoop by taking an unsuspected photograph of her peeping through her bedroom window, while dressing to go to the church, at the surging crowds below. She went on the films, and appeared in British Productions as a Court lady of Charles II's reign in *The Great Adventure*, and as Queen Elizabeth in *The Virgin Queen* ; the photograph "stills" of her in these films were uncannily successful, but the films themselves were spoilt by being so blurred that one could see but a pale ghost. Max Reinhardt induced her to play the part of the Madonna in his production of *The Miracle* throughout America, and in succeeding made history ; all those that saw her calm beauty were reduced to tears.

Now she is the gracious, witty and energetic wife ; motoring from her country cottage to her husband's constituency to kiss a baby, or, with a bundle of syringa on the back of her car, to her mother in London. She is the Pannish-looking Madonna in the garden hat, over there, playing cat's-cradle. Still the most dream-like beauty, she conforms too rigidly to academic rules to be completely modern, but what is modernity as compared with Lady Diana ?



